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MY MOTHERLAND

By the Same Author

THE GOSPEL OF FREEDOM

THE SECRET OF ASIA

SRI KRISHNA

INDIA IN CHAINS

THE SPIRIT AND STRUGGLE OF ISLAM

MY MOTHERLAND

BY

Prof. T. L. VASWANI

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PUBLISHERS' NOTE

There are few Indians in whom the flame of patriotism burns so purely as it does in the heart of Professor Vaswani. To him patriotism does not mean national aggrandisement, but national service. His ideal for "My Motherland," though stated with deep emotion, is kept free from sentimentality and made practical, by his realisation of the fact that India is but one national unit in the great human family. To some, *swaraj* means power not only to rule oneself but to rule others: Professor Vaswani defines *swaraj* as *self-knowledge*. He would fain put understanding into voices that to-day speak the word "nationalism," with too hollow and narrow a tone. These essays will, the publishers hope, help to a better appreciation of all that is involved in the national awakening, and so help Indians to put deeper purpose and effectiveness into the inspiring words—"My Motherland."

MY MOTHERLAND

ARISE! AND WORSHIP HER!

*At the skirts of a village I stand,
Peopling its solitudes with my sorrows
And the prayer for my native land.
The wind is strong, the river is rough ;
But stronger, rougher is the storm in my
heart.*

*The birds sing out their song ;
The stars burn their mighty message of
old ;
But my heart is wild with sorrow for my
native land.*

*I have not wished to worship the world ;
From the city's wealth and power have I
turned*

ARISE! AND WORSHIP HER! 3

*For yet with us are some, made in a mighty
mould
—Prophets, poets, patriots, servants of the
Truth which slays;
And in the world's enormous emptiness of
greed and gain
The wealth of ancient wisdom yet remains.*

Yes ;—India still has sages left
Who summon to the Mount of Calm a
fever-smitten world.
And 'tis my faith her Dead are not dead ;
They speak from beyond the veil ;
And a new civilization sings in India's
heart.
Arise ! sons and daughters of an ancient
race !
Arise ! and worship Her,—Your Mother
Who yet has a morning face !

MY MOTHERLAND

There is to-day a tremendous impact of the West upon the East; the process of change, of transformation, of 'culture-mixing' is active in India; and I have often paused to ask: Where is my Motherland?

Has the city-life an answer to the question?

In our great and growing cities politics is the passion of men. There is, in the cities, a reverence for the *big*, a worship of the *Kolossal* which has been the ruin of civilizations again and again. Young men have demagogic ambitions to be *popular* and *great*; but to be great has not often meant to be *good*, and the path of popularity is not the path of service.

From big cities I have turned, again and again, to little towns and villages. Civilization cannot dispense with cities; but these cities, with their greed of gold, their colossal ambitions and organisations, their

excitements and capitalist activities, have sometimes appeared to me to be as huge hospitals full of fever-beds; the cities are asylums of maimed manhood. For aught I know, the People are in the cottages of our little towns and villages. Hotels have not displaced the homes there, and families have not yet broken under the Juggernath car of 'civilization' there. It is, unfortunately, too true that even there the economic situation has taken a bad turn. I have met peasants in villages, and they have often said they do not have enough to eat; official optimism notwithstanding, the peasant is not satisfied. But he has simplicity; he has a sense of good fellowship, and some natural appreciation of the poetry of life. What a sight to see in the villages of Sind the Hindus and Moslems sit together in goodly fellowship, singing songs of the Faith that is Love! It is, doubtless, necessary, to reorganise the life of our villages in the coming days; it is necessary to make the life of villages more modern, more alive to the interests and ideals of the age; it is necessary to spread

education and form libraries and associations in the villages. But let nothing be done to disturb their communal spirit, their simplicity, their unconscious love of nature, their love of old songs and stories and ancient traditions of the race. These villagers are illiterate, but they are not ignorant; I have heard them recite stories and sing songs which have suggested thoughts too deep for some of the systems and philosophies of to-day. What splendid material there is in these poor, simple sons of the soil for the building up of the nation—if we could but train their minds and emotions along right lines! Who will take up the task and the burden?

Where is my Motherland? I carried with me the question into colleges and clubs; but many of our professors are pedants, and our clubs are, oftener than not, centres of fashion and folly; whoever thought a thing clearly out there?

Sometimes, when climbing up a mountain or walking through a forest or sailing in a boat over the Ganga or the Sindhu—sailing over the Arabian Sea—sometimes in the

hour of the dawn or the beauty of the dark night, when the life-pulse beats quietly and you feel like those referred to in ancient legends as 'the cold daughters born of the sea'—sometimes the truth has flashed upon me that the glory of the Motherland is in the realm within. What heroes has she not given the world, age after age! What thinkers and artists and singers and prophets of the Ideal! What a wonderful moral idealism is still treasured in the hearts of India's women—and India's masses! Do you know what India's history and Indian's tradition and India's earth and skies speak to me? *Swarajya*. But they misunderstand the message of the Motherland who say that *swarajya* means national isolation or national arrogance. Such isolation or arrogance is a sin against the Spirit of Humanity; it has not helped Europe; it will not help India. It is not selfishness but *self-reliance* which is the right meaning of *swarajya*. And if this attitude of *self-reliance* were developed among us, we would be less arrogant, less boastful of the

past, more receptive of the higher influences of modern life and thought, more forward in our outlook upon life's problems. Is it possible for a self-reliant generation to say: Our ancestors were mighty, but we have fallen on evil times? No: the times are not evil; and if they are, you can turn them into good. Your deeds are your destiny. 'I am my own ancestor' is the wise saying of an ancient scripture of Indian wisdom; and on our efforts to respond to this truth hang the issues of a progressive national life.

The strength of the Motherland is in the heart of the self-reliant. They understand that it is not a Little England we want our India to be; such an India will be emasculated; such an India can make no contribution to the common stock of the race. Unto each nation its task, unto each its crown. India, true to her own genius and loyal to the law of her own life, is the India that must stand out with the face of freedom in a civilization dying in agony. What the Master said of spiritual life is equally true of

the national life: 'The Kingdom is within you.' The story of India's struggle for freedom has been painful because we have not found India's own personality; we have tried to fetch foreign fires, when the problem needs the light of India's own genius, traditions and history. India's needs, crying piteously for satisfaction, are too overwhelming for the politician who is not also a *humanist*, a mystic, a believer in the Ideal. What we need is a Programme of service to help the great masses crying for better life. There is feebleness, there is a feeling of helplessness in our life to-day; what power can be equal to the task if not the power that may spring from the heart of a people faithful to the spirit of its own history? That is the power of a delicate mind, a simple heart, a faith rich in its synthesis of life and humanity—the power shown by the kings of thought and poet-seers and *bhaktas* and ambassadors of the Eternal Ideal who have blessed India through the ages. The world needs that power to develop free institutions and nourish civilization.

In my wanderings in many lands for many years, there have been not a few incidents the memory of which sends still some thrill of an uplifting experience. One such incident occurred when I listened in an Indian bazar to the song of a beggar girl; her clothes were tattered; her instrument was simple—a little reed; but out of it she drew note after note of a song which has made for me the memory itself of that girl a melody and a song. She sang in a language I could not well understand; but I supposed it was the story of a sorrowing woman eager to bear all and suffer all if only she would achieve her quest of the lost lover. And, in a quiet mood, later, I translated to myself the message of that song, thus :—

With love and longing in my heart I
 wander on the quest;
Nought of the earth's stores or riches or
 renown I seek;
Bless me, stars ! that I be broken into
 fragments;
Each fragment fragrant with His Name.

With this love in your heart, with the self-reliance of an open generous mind, with a longing to be broken into fragments, each fragment fragrant with His Name, you will claim your Mother where many have missed Her—in India's herbs and meadows and waving corn, her trees and flowers and stars, her ancient forests and streams and seas,—in India's sweat-moistened peasants and labourers—in the golden hearts of her women and the golden dreams of her children, in the yearnings of the young and the silent sufferings of simple men unknown to fame,—yea, in the very sins and failings of this ancient land. For to love is to be loyal to the bitter end; and the self-reliant are not those who cannot bear the sight of painful evils, but who realise their unity with the nation through all its aberrations.

In humility, then, claim your Mother; stand by Her, bear witness to Her Ideals in your conduct and aspirations, your manners, your dress, your social life, your thought and thinking, your culture, your allegiance to invincible humanity, your

daily worship of the everlasting values. The Unseen Helpers—for, I believe, the *next* world is the *nearest*,—will then come to help you in your efforts to make India great again, and you too will be of those who see, though as through a glass darkly, the Mother blessing the people with a heart crying out in yearning:—
“Where are ye, my children? Where will ye bide? When will ye come Home?”

I BELONG TO INDIA

I have been asked to tell what I think should be the purpose of a National School. What constitutes a school? Emphasis is often put upon *building* or *furniture*. The school, as I think of it, is not a *place* but the *atmosphere* the teachers and students move in. Fellowship of teachers and students,—that is what makes the school. So it was in ancient India. The centre of the school—the *asrama* was the *guru* whereby was meant not a pedagogue but a teacher who carried with himself a purifying atmosphere. So it was, too, in ancient Greece. Socrates' school was not confined to a building, nor Plato's nor Aristotle's, nor the school of Him who in ancient Palestine worked his wonders with hardly twelve as his disciples. School is fellowship; school is life.

Education through life—that is, as I understand it, the emphasis of the Nation-

al School. And the inspiration of life—such the teaching of a National School—is India. The current system teaches you all subjects—*except* India. I addressed the other day a mass meeting in a little town. The next morning a gentleman came to me. He said:—"My girl heard you last evening. She returned, went up to her mother and said:—Mother! I belong to India!" I confessed I had asked, that evening, every boy and every girl and every grown-up man to meditate on this one truth:—"I belong to India!" I ask you all to be filled with the inspiration of this idea. A National School must move in an Indian atmosphere, and every student of such a school should understand what a privilege it is to be able to feel:—"I belong to India."

For what is India? Supremacy of the soul—that is India. Not commerce, not war, not diplomacy but *soul*! The greatest conflict of these days in East and West is between sanctity of the soul and the interests of the body. It is conflict between idealism and materialism. The economic

imperialism of the West is a materialistic creation, and the present conflict of Asia with Europe will be sustained to success only if it retains its *idealistic* character.

Let every student, every young man, stand on India's side in the conflict. We are out to break the bonds of our slavery. This slavery is not a thing 'extern;' it is a thing of mind, the soul. It is when the soul is cowed down, that a nation is conquered. It is high time for us in India to-day to say :—We shall not surrender ourselves, our Indian ideals, our Indian culture, our Indian civilization, our Indian soul-hood to the domination of the West. It is easy to damn Dyer for the Punjab tragedy. To me the unutterable shame of that dark period is that there was not one Indian in the Punjab who refused to obey the inhuman crawling order, not one to stand up and vindicate the dignity of the soul by saying :—"This crawling order is a denial of my humanity, and, come what may, I shall not obey it." This is our shame, that many of India's children even to-day sell the Mother ! The message of national

education, to my mind, is:—*Keep alive your Souls.*

There is a beautiful little saying—not found in the Bible—attributed to Christ,—“Ask great things and the small shall be added to you.” The great things are of the soul. To these India has borne witness through the ages; to these you must be loyal in the conflict of these days. Fight the evils, but fight them with *moral* weapons. If I were asked to indicate in two words the message of a National School, I would say: *Express India*. The people have suffered long from passivity and imitation. I ask you, my young friends, to affirm yourselves in the spirit of India. In this message Hinduism and Islam and the modern prophets of freedom meet. Be men,—that, to my mind, is the central teaching of Islam. Be creative,—that is the teaching of some of the greatest among modern thinkers and poets. And India’s sages and teachers have taught the truth that to be men, to be creative, you must realize in life the value of the soul. I ask you students! to be loyal to the

Indian Ideal. Whether you spin or study or go upon your village work, whether you sing swaraj-songs or pray to Ishwara for the coming of the day of freedom, never forget that your duty is to affirm the Indian Ideal,—to express the characteristic spiritual quality of the Indian soul. Don't make your nationalism exclusive; don't be irreverent of humanity in your task of nation-building; don't have hate in your young hearts for men of other religions, other races. The purpose of National Schools, as I think of them, is to make India an international nation.

WILL YE WORSHIP THE IDEAL ?

Why this unrest to-day ? There is conflict between the Nation and the State. The Nation is the Indian people ; the State is the *Sircar*. In a well regulated State, it is the will of the Nation which controls the administration. In India the State does not obey the Nation. Hence the Punjab tragedy ; hence the economic policy which subordinates Indian to imperial interests ; hence England's disregard of Muslim claims in the Khilafat question ; hence the current system of education which does injustice to Indian culture and the Indian ideals of life.

The conflict will continue until we purify both the State and the Nation. The present situation is due to the sins at once of the State and the Nation. The State has been autocratic and vicious ; we have *allowed* it to be so. People get the Government they accept. We have long accepted

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the present position. At last we have feebly protested against it. We have not yet driven out fear and selfishness; we have been cowed down by fear. Once we *realize* what we are, once we *know* ourselves, the fear will go and we shall express the manhood, the divinity in us. The National movement should be a movement of knowledge and purification.

In such a movement, you students! you young men!...have your part to play. I believe profoundly that the young are the builders of to-morrow. Japan owes much to the efforts and ideals of her young men. One of them was Togo; he and his comrades studied at western universities and returned with new knowledge to Japan and used their knowledge for the service of their country. Togo became one of the builders of Japan. In China, too, it was the young who led recently the movement of home industries. In Korea, again, it was the young, including several girls, who struggled bravely for Korean freedom. You of India have a part to play in India's struggle for freedom.

But on one condition—that you be true to the Idealism of the East. I call that man an idealist who worships the Ideal. I call him a materialist—no matter what his political party or religious label—who places pleasure, interest, ‘success’ or any outer thing above the Ideal. The living Infinite Ideal that binds the races, builds patiently—many think slowly—the life of humanity,—the Ideal has claims upon us as nothing else. India has worshipped the Ideal from the beginning of her days. Her great men in all ages have realized unity with the living Ideal named the *Atman*. The current system of education in the country is defective, for it has not the inspiration of Indian Idealism. Indian universities, said the Governor of a Province, are “power-houses of freedom.” No; Indian universities move in a stifling atmosphere. They have not built many *free* minds. They will not until they move in an atmosphere of Indian culture and Indian ideals. India has a personality, a self that must be studied if our nationhood is to grow in the right direction and

our students are to develop the spirit of nation-service. It was an Indian who said about the Indian universities;—"Colleges turn out cowards." The remark is too sweeping; but it cannot be denied that courage to rebuke the wrong and fight for the right is not a virtue emphasised by the current system. The emphasis is put upon 'obedience,' 'loyalty,' 'empire-idea,' rather than upon 'courage,' 'patriotism,' 'Indian Idealism.' Not without reason does the country call aloud to-day for National Education.

Will the experiments in National Education succeed? Not if they trample upon one truth—that India's greatness lies in loyalty to her Idealism. Never did India as a nation hate others; in her heart there is room for the many races and religions which have come from other lands. India has borne witness to the Infinite Ideal. The new experiment in National Education will succeed only in the measure that its inspiration is something more than the 'national,' viz., the love of the Ideal. For we want *swaraj*, we want freedom, not

that we may use it for unholy profit or pride but that we may have the opportunities denied us to-day to realize our true selves. We want *swaraj* for the service of humanity. Therefore, I ask you, friends ! to carry love, not hate, in your programmes of national education and nation-service. Therefore I ask you, students ! to worship humanity in your spinning and your studies and all your work. Therefore I ask you, young men ! to strive for *swaraj* in love. For India lives because, I believe, she has loved the Living Ideal, loved the Infinite God. India will live if her children are not tempted to turn from Her—the Mother—to counsels of hate and strife. For pride and passion perish ; but the God-like does not die.

THE YOUNGER GENERATION

In speaking to students of National Schools I would point out first that we, not the Government alone, stand impeached at the bar of history for the present situation in India. It is customary to blame the *Sircar*; it is often forgotten that we have not done our duty to India. Pride of power has been the one great sin of the *sircar*; *our* sin has been fear, weakness, a feeling of helplessness—in one word, passivity. The Englishman drunk with pride of power and finding us passive, submissive, developed an attitude of contempt to the Indian people. The Jallian-wala massacre was an expression of the Englishman's contempt for the Indian. The best challenge to this contempt is not abuse, not hate, not strife but self-reliance. We stand aloof from Government until its attitude is changed and our strength has

grown. Every one in a National School must hold India's honour very dear to him. The one thought which should grow upon them all is that India's honour must never be bartered. Every one of them is a guardian of India's *izat*. Don't sell the Mother's honour, come what may. I see it sold in the schools where national songs are prohibited and national heroes dishonoured. I see it sold in all places where injustice is done to women and the so-called 'inferior' classes,—where the Englishman behaves insolently to his Indian subordinate and where the latter tamely submits to the treatment. I see it sold in courts where political prisoners are sent to jail after a mock-trial. I see it sold where young men refuse to protest against wrongs for fear of losing their 'jobs.' An Irish boy, 18 years of age, was hanged the other day for loving his country. To his mother came the priest and said:—"I never saw death faced more courageously." What did the mother do? With calm faith and dry eyes, she said to the people:—"Go and pray for

the soul of my son who died for Ireland." That Irish boy and his mother placed Ireland's honour above everything else. Every student is called upon to sustain India's honour.

I have noticed with regret that some undesirable tendencies are growing within the national movement in various places. I find that if a man does not call himself a Non-cooperator, he is subjected to uncharitable comments. This is not the spirit in which to sustain India's honour. I beg of all to remember that there is something higher than politics; that is, brotherhood, humanity, love. I would ask all to practise truth in the spirit of love. We cannot guard India's honour without love of Humanity. The struggle for *swaraj* is in the name of Humanity.

In a mediæval book there is a beautiful little story about Shri Krishna. He is gone to Mathura. The gopies at Gokul, twelve in number, feel anxious. Radha is the most anxious. "Where is Krishna?", she asks. Nobody can tell. She asks a friend to go to Mathura and inquire and bring

her soon the news of her Lord. The friend finds Krishna. He receives her well. She says to him:—"I bring thee, Lord! a message from Gokul: When wilt thou return?" Krishna says:—"I know not the day and the hour, but return I shall,—and perhaps in the rainy season. And when I come back, I shall knock at the doors of every one of the *gopis*; tell them to keep the oil burning in the lamps; for I know not the day and the hour of my return."

And the Lord returned to Gokul and according to His promise knocked at the *gopis'* doors. But they were asleep—all excepting one, and no oil was burning in the lamps—except in one. He came. He turned away from their dwellings; He entered the house of Radha, of her who kept awake and had the oil in her lamp. And when the other *gopis* awoke in the morning they learnt the bitter truth—He came, He knocked, He passed on.

I have been asked if *swaraj* will be ours by October 1st or December 31st. Let me say frankly that there is neither clock nor calendar in my vision of *swaraj*.

I know not the day and the hour when we shall win *swaraj*; it may be soon; it may be late; that depends upon our co-operation with the worldforces, upon our integrity, our character, our sacrifice, our determination to go along the way of Ishwara's will. The day and the hour I know not; but one thing I feel; that our Lord *is* coming back to us. I hope, I pray, that He may return to us *soon*, return and lead the India that He loves to new conquests of the spirit. And when He returns, shall He find us asleep, drunk with the wine of national *ahankar* and pride? Those who are eager to see India re-arise must have no hate for any one in their hearts. There are no strangers to him who has glimpsed the growing wonder of the world. And they who would join the Brotherhood of the Builders of Swaraj, their hands and hearts must be clean; for the *swaraj* we are out to build is not a narrow slum but a spacious house with windows opened in many directions to let in the light and fresh air of Humanity. India's Lord, I

believe, is coming back to her, therefore I plead with all to keep awake. For none knoweth the hour of His coming. I ask all to keep the oil of humanity in their lamps of the heart, so that when He comes He may find India ready to receive Him and eager to be blessed. And when He blesses Her, she will achieve her quest of freedom.

ON THE ROAD OF ALLAH

Many young men have been sent to jail. Nothing uncommon has happened! Other sins may be forgiven in this country, but not the sin of patriotism. Love for India and the service of freedom are unforgivable sins! And many have been jailed, and their youth touched with suffering, because they have tried to serve, according to their lights, the country they love. They arrested a young Muslim graduate on the day sacred to me as the day of the coming of Christ; and the more I saw of him in jail and the court, the greater grew my love and regard for him. "How did you spend the day?" I asked him the very first day I was permitted to see him in jail. "I spent the day studying the Koran," he said, his eyes aglow with a beautiful faith. "Don't forget to pray," I said to him when taking leave of him.

“No,” he said, “in Allah is my strength.”
“My brother came to me,” he said to me the other day, “my brother saw me in jail and burst into tears. On seeing him weeping, I too wept; he implored me then to give an apology and be free; I said to him if he talked of ‘apology,’ I would refuse to regard him as my brother!” What a strong, sincere soul in that young body in jail!

He offered no bail; he produced no witness; he engaged no counsel to defend him. No seat of justice to him that little building where the courteous magistrate sat. The great Hungarian patriot said:—
“If suffering be necessary, suffer with dignity.” And the young Muslim believed intensely that a servant of Islam and India must suffer with dignity. His statement did not examine the conventional legal aspects of the prosecution. Morality is higher than legality. This was his Confession of Faith; it expressed the Spirit of the New Movement—*“If it be the will of God that I am sentenced to imprisonment for having preached non-violent non-cooperation, I shall not complain.”*

I find consolation in the thought that God has accepted this humble servant in the service of faith and freedom. For they also serve who suffer in the strength or meekness; and the path to the prison-house is also a road of Allah the Compassionate."

A little before he was taken to the jail he asked me to assure his countrymen that he accepted rigorous imprisonment as the Will of God for the service of India! "I am innocent in intent and action," he said. Yet he is in jail to-day! He was judged not by a living man but by a piece of machinery that cannot understand the New Spirit moving over the face of India.

At a time when they talk of the 'Reforms' as having opened a 'new era' in India and when the Viceroy emphasises the need of justice in India, the Sind bureaucracy sends young men to jail for 'sedition!' What is sedition? Some years ago, swadeshism was damned as 'seditious;' Sir Andrew Fraser regarded even the cry, 'Bande Mataram,' as seditious; the Home Rule agitation was condemned as sedition by some Anglo-Indian papers; some, in-

déed, regard the whole National Movement in India as 'seditious,' and many to-day look upon non-co-operation as 'sedition'! That representatives of Western civilization in this country should be so anxious to repress movements of Self-reliance and Freedom is a fact unintelligible to my mind except on two possible theories. One is the theory of race-superiority. What is good for Englishmen is bad for Indians! 'Orientals do not understand!' The other is the theory that power has a corrupting influence on those who wield it.

But we must not complain. Sometime ago, Wilson rebuked Europe saying it was suffering from a 'rejection of the principle of democracy.' And true it is that imperialism cannot join hands with democracy; and the bureaucracy which guards imperialism in India is bound to fight with the forces of freedom. It is not for us to be in a complaining mood. It is for us to stand strong so that the policy of repression may fall upon us as a wave upon the rock. It is no brutal strength I think of; it is *the strength of idealism* which must

come into our politics and become the driving force of our national life; *moral strength* alone can stand up to the imperialism of to-day.

In a letter received by me, some days ago, an educated young Sindhi writes:— “Repression unchecked in Sind! Many arrests! We, too, must get ready now. If they don’t arrest me, I should be surprised; if they do, the public will call them names! I am ready at any moment for the Call.” The editor of a vernacular paper has been sentenced to three years’ rigorous imprisonment, and what did he say in open court? “I am,” he said, “a prisoner of war,” and in his message to the Sindhis he spoke of that day as ‘the fortunate day,’ ‘the auspicious day;’ he was going to jail for the ‘performance of duty!’ “It is impossible,” he added, to have swaraj without undergoing hardships.” If this spirit of meek suffering spreads, we well may hope for a better future. I believe profoundly that the meek will build *swaraj*.

It is in practical application that the

idea of justice professed by Government has failed us again and again. From my point of view, indeed, *the true idealist is practical and the man sincerely practical is an idealist*; there is *idealism* in his *action*. In repression, I see a desire to show *strength*. *Such strength is weakness*. For power which tramples upon justice is weakness,—*the weakness of violence*.

There are good Europeans who justify the policy of Government. I can account for this only in one way,—they know nothing of the humiliation and sufferings experienced by a subject-nation. Dyer shot down between 300 and 400 Indians; and he enjoys a pension of £ 900 a year and his European admirers presented him a purse,—I believe,—of about £ 30,000! But innocent Indians are rotting in jail—for loving their country! There was a time when British officials were credited with three great virtues,—tolerance, sympathy, justice; and even in 1914 when the War broke out the National Congress resolved that “India would stand by the Empire in all cases and at all hazards.” To-day, the Congress

is boycotting the visit of the Prince of Wales,—for no fault of his Royal Highness! Why? The unrest is deepening every day. Why? The gulf between the State and the Nation, Government and People, is widening day by day. Why? Government is only too anxious to brandish the big stick; Government has faith in *force*.

Hundreds of our young men are in jail to-day for political opinions. Writing on the Tilak Day, can I forget that some of the best among those who have worked for India have had their patriotism penalised at one time or another? Tilak the Scholar, Tilak the Patriot was sent to jail,—more than once. Annie Besant was interned. Lala Lajpat Rai was deported. Bepin Chandra Pal was not allowed to enter the Punjab. They were no rebels. But they loved India! How many young men in Bengal were sent to jail for the politics of national freedom? And some of them,—how were they sent to jail? A Bengali professor was interned,—without being convicted of any crime! He was

interned in a distant jail,—without the knowledge of his mother. She took long to know of her son's plight. She petitioned for a proper inquiry into her son's case. She was informed that her son was in solitary cell and had become insane! Two ladies were arrested in a village by police. They were sent to jail. The press exposed the police *zulum*. Government confessed the mistake and ordered the release. But the ladies were still detained in prison,—for a fortnight! A telegram ordering their release had been mislaid! And after their release, no policeman was punished! Only recently the police fired upon an unarmed crowd in Matiari, a village in Sind; one man died; about a dozen were wounded; a white-washing official version ran round the press; a non-official version was held back by the telegraph authorities in Sind as 'objectionable.' The story of Jallianwalla is known to all. Where, I ask, where in any civilized European country will such things be permitted, to-day? Deportations, internments, and imprisonment of innocent men! Flog-

ging and whipping and shooting of innocent men ! This the story of India for years as of no other country in Europe which I have seen and known. The reason is not far to seek. *They are free : India is in bondage.*

British Imperialism is in conflict with the Spirit of Man in Asia. In Persia, in Mesopotamia, in Egypt, in India—its dominant motive has been economic control of the East ; and here in this country we are trying by peaceful *swadeshi* to resist its 'peaceful penetration.' In Egypt and India and now in Muslim lands,—as in Ireland,—the Empire is in conflict with the principle of nationality.

In Sind, as in other places, there is deep unrest ; and every act of injustice and repression makes it deeper and deeper, as the days go by. But violence is not our way ; I hope it will not be India's in the difficult days before us. And it is my daily prayer that the People may refrain from it during all the stages of this Struggle which, if sustained with courage and self-control, will raise our country from the tomb.

Political pessimism, I know, is growing, —as a result of repression. But I yet retain enough faith in human nature to think that the country will not accept a creed of violence; it will not, I am sure, help the Nation. There can be no *swaraj* if there be race-hatred. One of the Western thinkers speaks of the 'sacred egoism' of nations. But true patriotism, I believe, is not egoistic; inflammatory nationalism is as uncongenial to me as inflated imperialism; and race-hate is as stupid as reliance on physical force. It is the Flag of Man, the God-in-man, I worship; British Imperialism is in conflict with the Spirit of Man in Asia; and what the situation demands is not 'improvements here and there but *change of heart*. The Problem of India is not that of *reforms*, but of Re-form,—of *re-forming* the entire Administration; it is the problem of purging the Administration of the instinct for domination. And Free India alone is the hope of the Future.

On a Christmas eve, a political worker since arrested came to me and spoke of the

rumours of his arrest—I said to him “A *sipahi* of the Mother should be ever ready to be arrested.”

Repression will, as I have said more than once, be more and more rigorous as the national movement grows from more to more. Repression may even develop into coercion. Difficult days are before us ; and two things we need to face the developing situation :—*dharma* and *courage*. What is the essence of India's *dharma* ? *Ahimsa*. This means non-violence in thought, word, deed. Some of my friends, abuse the *sircar* and the *sirkarwallas*. Don't abuse, I say ; don't have any thought of hate or strife in your hearts. It is *natural* for a *sircar* that will not reform itself to launch a policy of *repression* ; we must meet repression not with violent words or violent thoughts or violent deeds but with our moral strength, our sufferings, our faith in freedom. And we must not lose our *courage*. Let us say boldly :—we want India's freedom. Let no repression send *fear* into our hearts. Let us national workers, one by one,—if such be :

suffer in the hope of a great future, in the faith that India is immortal. We can recover outer things ; we can have again in our midst those who may be sent to jail ; we cannot easily recover the moral courage which we may lose through fear of repression. With these two, *dharma* and *courage*—we can meet the power of the mighty sircar.

The movement of Non-co-operation is a protest against the rule by force. It was a great-hearted Englishman who said at Glasgow, sometime ago:—"It was time those should speak out believed it was better the Empire should cease rather than it should continue by force." They blunder badly who, like the writer in the *Times of India*, confound the New Movement with a Movement of Anarchy. Non-co-operation is really a protest of India's soul against Rule by Force. As Mahatma Gandhi explained to Sir Valentine in the course of a private talk:—"India has at last recovered her own soul through a fiery ordeal." Yes, India is recovering her soul. Government is stretching forth the arm of

repression ; Government is sowing the seed of deeper unrest. Individual workers and leaders may be clapped in jail or gagged to silence but the awakened Soul of India will go marching on.

STAND UP! PARANTAPA!

The life of Shri Krishna is a series of pictures ; and there are two pictures which are of special appeal to young India. There is the picture of Krishna the Singer playing upon His flute. There is the picture of Krishna the Leader speaking to Arjuna on the Kuru-Field. The message of the Singer is:—Love. The message of the Leader is:—Stand up! Parantapa! The same Love which played upon the *murli* in Gokul speaks on the battle-field ; but the note is different. Krishna the Singer becomes a Preacher of Aryan Freedom, a preacher of the battle-spirit. In the Indian movement to-day, I catch the vibrations of that simple luminous word:—Stand up! Parantapa! In these words sings a vital message. Stand up! That is the cry passing to-day from town to town. Stand up! you are meant to be

of the Family of Free Men ; you must not be in bondage. Stand up ! It is the call of Dharma. It is Krishna's call.

There are but two parties to-day ; how shall I name them ? Not 'moderates' and 'extremists' but '*opportunists*' and '*idealists*'. The opportunist says :—Make the most of the situation, man ! The Idealist says :—Seek ye first the kingdom of Heaven and *all* things shall be added unto you. I do not believe in the 'Reforms ;' they give us very little ; the bureaucratic character of the Administration remains ; Mr. Curtis in his book on 'Dyarchy' confesses that the Provincial Governments are departments of the Central Government ; and the Central Government, even the 'Reformists' will admit, is irresponsible.

Prof. Rushbrook Williams in his book on "Moral and Material Progress" (1919) asked Congressmen to prevent the danger of being drifted into extremism, to take full advantage of the 'new opportunities' and to have "enthusiastic co-operation" with Government. The majority of the

people are in no mood for "enthusiastic co-operation." The "new opportunities" are almost nil so far as the essentials of the administration are concerned. There is some change in the bureaucrat's expression and conduct, but none, I am afraid, in the heart. The bureaucrat is an opportunist. The administration has been opportunist and, therefore, a failure. It has worshipped efficiency and proved to be inefficient. Opportunism is not the sin alone of the administration but also of many among the People. There are opportunists among extremists as there are idealists among moderates. I plead for idealism in politics; I ask you to worship the Ideal. That means trouble, suffering, sacrifice,—therefore, I give you the Lord's message:—Stand up! Parantapa!

Wait, says the opportunist; things will improve gradually; Wait! How long will you wait, I ask? Japan was a backward Nation 40 or 50 years ago! Japan to-day is great. India is yet a servile state! Wait! How long? We have waited all these years and the result? The devita-

lising process has gone on, generation after generation. Stand up! says Shri Krishna.

Stand up against the evils in the country. They are mainly three. (1) There is India's economic bondage; Famine, poverty, disease, decay of villages,—such is the picture of India. Once India was great in commerce; India to-day is the poorest country. Sir Verney Lovett admitted that in the matter of industrial development there was no systematic investigation of the problems peculiar to India and there was no attempt on the part of the Government or the people to make India economically self-supporting. It is difficult to make a nation economically self-supporting without state-action; and the State in India subordinates Indian interests to British imperialism. The swadeshi movement is an effort of the people to make India self-supporting, as far as possible. (2) There is India's *political* bondage. The 'Reforms' have not changed the heart of Government. Repression continues; and young men

have been sent to jail for the sin of loving their country according to their lights. Personal liberty is at the mercy of an irresponsible executive; and, according to the strange law of sedition in this country, disaffection is defined as 'want of affection,' is a sin against Government. The quality of *affection* is not strained; and I wonder how many there are even among those who 'co-operate' with Government who have any 'affection' for it. Affection for a wooden system! The thing is unbelievable, impossible. (3) There is India's *moral* bondage. Generation of tutelage have made the moral fibre of the people weak. There is fear in their hearts; they fear *power* and they trample upon the Ideal, upon their instincts of self-respect, upon India's honour, upon their very 'Religion' only to please the party in power. There is contempt for Indian ideals. The schools and colleges controlled by Government do not inspire students with love of freedom and Indian Culture; in the days of the Punjab horrors, students submitted to flogging under

martial law; not one of them had the strength to make a moral protest. Therefore I bring you the message of Sri Krishna:—Stand up!

Not for violence! Violence will not be effective. Violence is against my theory of life. When the moral vision has grown upon the world, the nations will, I believe, repudiate the 'patriotism' of violence. Apart from ethics, I regard violence as a great illusion; it does not really settle national disputes; and if it sets up national governments, it also pulls them down. In the long run, to take up the sword is to perish by the sword. Europe has believed in the Cult of War; with what result? Europe has wandered from violence to violence; Europe has not yet solved the problem of Freedom. Stand up,—not for violence but for self-organisation. *Organise your life.* That is the message, as I understand it, of the Indian Movement. Non-Co-operation is Self-Organisation. Organise your social and economic life. Organise your Education. Organise your civil life. Organise your

political life. Organise it without Government aid. And organise it on a broad human basis,—with hate towards no ‘stranger’ but with love for Humanity. Self-Organisation will develop the spirit of reliance which has been ruthlessly trampled upon by our *dependence* on Government. Self-Organisation is the secret of swaraj.

BUILDING THE BRIDGE

What is swaraj? The question has been asked me by little boys, by young men, by women, by old men. *Swaraj is self-knowledge*. India slept long; India is begun to awake. When she fully awakes, knows herself, her true form, her great mission to the Nations, she will attain to *Swaraj*. India has not yet awakened fully. There is need of a Village Movement. The message of the nation must be carried to every village. Some of you young men can help in the spread of the message. But you must *know* before you *speak*. You must study facts. You must understand what India was in the past, what India is to-day. You must understand why India once so great is fallen so low. You must know something of Indian culture. You must know how *swadeshi* movement can help

the struggle for freedom ; you must understand that the very heart of the imperialism which we are out to break is economic exploitation. Once you protect yourselves *economically*, you make the Empire-cult powerless. England then would not be interested in denying India the status of a Dominion. Home industries will help the masses ; they will also save India from the grip of British imperialism. India then would not be 'worth keeping' as a servile state.

With knowledge will grow in you *faith* in India's future. There is *fear* in the hearts of India's men and women to-day ; India is being steadily devitalised under the present system. People in villages and small towns have a dread of the official. Policemen can overawe the head of a village. The poor peasant is compelled to give a portion of his hard earnings for the pleasure of bureaucrats on official tours. Every department is honey-combed with corruption. The people have not the courage to say :—"No we shan't give the bribe, come what may !" They

find the official has large powers ; they are afraid harm may be done to them if they do not satisfy him ; there is fear in their hearts. This fear must go. Youngmen ! when you go to villages, carry to the people there this message. Tell them to have faith in India ; faith will drive out fear. "Mother and Motherland,"—said Sri Ramchandra, "are the two things most sacred." Yes,—India to me is sacred, a *punya bhumi*. India the Mother of sages will yet be,—such my belief,—the world's *guru*, spiritual preceptor of the Nations. Therefore I ask you to have Faith in India and her Future. Therefore I ask you to drive out Fear. I hold that a man has *knowledge* in the measure he has power of *faith* ; it is that power that builds. The current system of education teaches you several things for securing 'jobs' or 'honors' or the 'power' to gain personal ends. You say this education gives you 'knowledge.' But the knowledge which makes you selfish, makes you indifferent to the sufferings of your countrymen, makes you afraid of the

official whom you cannot respect, makes you anxious to please the men in power at the cost of disloyalty to the Ideal,—this 'knowledge' is hardly a thing to be proud of. It is not knowledge. Real knowledge and faith in the Ideal go together. Knowledge and faith are inseparable in my creed of life. Know India and believe in Her. Don't abuse, as do many, who think they help the National Cause by abusing those who will not confess the creed of non-co-operation. Don't have hate in your hearts; in a way, hate and fear go together. To the worshipper of the Ideal there is no fear; he *knows* and he *believes*. In a deeper sense, indeed, the *faith* I plead for, *is knowledge* and knowledge *is faith*. For to *know* in this sense is to see the Ideal and to have faith is to worship the Ideal, to serve it.

You have read the ancient story of Hanuman. He is represented as having faith in Rama. The popular belief regards Hanuman as ignorant. He certainly knew nothing of books. But book-reading is not essential to knowledge. Hanuman

saw the Ideal in Rama; and Hanuman was anxious to serve the Ideal. Hanuman *knew* Rama as very few did; and he was *devoted* to Rama. His faith *was* knowledge. And when the sea had to be crossed, his heart knew no fear. He achieved the impossible. He built the Bridge with the power of *faith*. Stone after stone was thrown into the waters by Hanuman and his comrades, but every stone was thrown with the *mantra* of faith :—
“Rama! Rama!” And the Bridge was built and Rama led his army to fight Ravan in Lanka. In the work before us, there are difficulties that often appal you; you say :—“how can this be? how can we achieve? how can we cross the sea?” I say to you friends! let no fear steal in your hearts. As you study, as you work, have faith in your hearts. We, too, shall build the Bridge; And we shall win *swaraj*; we shall achieve the impossible.

SWARAJ AND CIVILIZATION

May I tell you what I mean by *swaraj*? I interpret *swaraj* to mean democracy based not on greed and violence but upon idealism, *dharma*, a vision of life,—upon *ahisma*, a *swaraj* such as may be a symbol of the Indian Ideal of Civilization.

That ideal, I would express in two little words:—Simple life. The power of the simple life means self-denial, self-control; it means social and national health. India has expressed her soul through men and women strong in the power of self-control and self-denial.

It is the power, modern civilization needs. You call it civilization; I call it *bhogachar*. It is a civilization which rejoices in a life of sensations, excitements, pleasure. Driving through Paris at 12 o'clock in the night I saw men and women rejoicing in drink and excitements, rejoic-

ing in *bhog*. At Berlin towards the close of a Religious Conference they held a banquet and divines from different parts of Europe and America filled glasses with wines. One of them asked me to drink ! I requested to be excused. A lady sat by my side. She pressed me to join others in drinking. I requested to be excused. They knew I was an Indian ; they did not know that I was a teetotaller. It pained me to think that Indians had lost the right of being regarded what they once were,—total abstainers. In England the evil of drink was almost as great as in any of the European countries I visited. Recently at a dinner supplied by the Kitchen Committee of the House of Commons, 18 people consumed 19 bottles.

The only sickness is *poisoning* ; and this is due to violation of the laws of simple life. Much of it is due to bad environment ; but much is due also to over-eating and pleasure-hunting. Liquor, over-eating, dissipation are forms of pleasure-hunting ; and with the advance of what is called ‘ civilization,’ more and more Indians have become

'Anglicised' and fond of sense-excitements. Sir Thomas Munro wrote to Canning, a century ago: "I always dread the downright Englishman who will insist on making Anglo-Saxons of the Hindus." 'Anglo-Saxonism' in India means the cult of pleasure and pride. I want to impress upon you, young men! the thought that the great heritage of knowledge comes to the simple man, not the proud; and that freedom, true freedom, is not possible without simple life.

Ahimsa, Swadeshi, *brahmacharya* are the three elements of Simple Life. The Ahimsa I speak of is not a mere negative virtue; it is something positive. It means not simply refraining from doing harm to another; it means the *will-to-good*. It pains me to hear of lovelessness, dissociation, strife in public life. The basis of unity must be not opportunism but the *will-to-good*. I have read India's history again and again and always history's answer to my question concerning India has been that she fell in the day there was the Hindu-Muslim conflict *and neglect of the poor*. There would not

have been that shameful neglect if there had been in our hearts the *will-to-good* towards the poor. And if India is to re-arise, she will do so not in the strength of the sword but in the humanity of love,—love for all, including the ‘stranger.’

Simple life also means *swadeshi*. It means the discarding of luxuries and fashions which the West has introduced, doing harm to itself and the East. The West has become mammon-worshipper; the West has trampled upon the teachings of its master. See that you do not make India a little Europe, an imitation-England. I want India to be free not that her people may indulge in the game of greed and gain but that India may serve Humanity. Let India be *swadeshi*; she will help her children; she will also compel England to return to simple life. The complex industrialism of England will collapse when Indian markets are filled with *swadeshi* things, and both India and England grow in simple life.

Then there is *brahmacharya*. It means the power of self-denial and self-control. It is a power all can develop,—married and

unmarried. It is the power which I believe will lead India to victory in the struggle of the coming days. The civilization of Europe, as I said, is *bhogachara*. I ask you to build yours on *brahmacharya*—on ideals of *ahimsa*, *swadeshi* and *self-denial*. For India needs a spiritual Army to sustain the national struggle to victory. The spirit of India is calling aloud for men,—pure, simple, straightforward men,—to save an ancient nation with the power of the soul. How many of you young men! will give up ease and comforts and work for Her,—India, your mother? How many of you will raise Her banner aloft and suffer for faith in Freedom?

THE MESSAGE OF THE SWADESHI MOVEMENT

In our struggle for Freedom, as I have often urged, our motive-power must not be violence. Violence is weakness. Build *swaraj* on violence; it will not last long; it will be overthrown by violence. They that take the sword will perish by the sword. And even if you succeed in maintaining *swaraj* by means of violence, you only achieve external 'success'; you do not help India to utter her distinctive message to the Nations. For aught I can see, you only transform India into an imitation-Europe. A catastrophic revolution of bloodshed will, probably, throw India back for half a century; it may, possibly, so change her character as to make her unfit for the mission I believe she is meant for by the spirit of history,—the mission of *humanising* Civilization. A violent revolu-

tion means misery and degradation for many. The sooner young men realise this the better, I think, for Freedom's future in this country. It is not a test of physical power, it is a test of *morals* we are faced with, in the present struggle with Government. Victory will I believe, be with the party that is proved to be *morally* superior.

The basis of economic boycott, too, should, I plead, be moral. My theory of life has no sympathy with conflicts between classes, nations and races. In excluding British cloth from Indian markets, we should have in view the good of India and of humanity. I believe the 'boycott', supplemented by a revival of home industries, will do good at once to India and England. Complex industrialism is a cause of social disorders; it also leads to wars. A student of international politics knows that there is, to-day, competition between England, America, Japan and France for power and economic domination in the East. There is little hope of a world-peace as long as these 'big' nations covet the East for exploitation.

As it is, the industrial West dominates the East. Dean Inge was simply quoting history when he said :—" There was a time when we went to war to compel the Chinese to trade with us, and when we ruined a flourishing Indian trade by competition of Lancashire cotton." Boycott and home industries can meet this industrial invasion of the West. India can win in this struggle against economic imperialism,—if India *wills*. It is true we do not enjoy fiscal independence. It is true we do not control the Customs. But we can, if we *will*, keep out foreign cloth from our markets and build up home industries. If *swaraj* succeeds, British interest in Indian trade must greatly suffer ; and a big obstacle to *swaraj* will disappear. Britain then would no longer find a 'fine market' in India ; and India would not grow raw products for exports only to take them back from Britain as manufactured articles at high prices ! " All who have had the opportunity of observing the Asiatic at work", wrote Dean Inge some time ago, " seem to agree that *economically he is greatly superior to*

the European." State-action does not help us. We need to *get together and organise*. It is the moral lesson of '*Mutual Aid*' we must learn. If, under the impulse of the new nationalism, we *combine* not with a view to profiteer (that would harm the consumer, and ultimately, the *swadeshi* movement) but with a view to restore a socio-economic order for the well-being of India's masses, we shall help the Nation and, also, I believe, the movement of Civilization. For civilization is stifled, to-day, under the burden of luxuries,—unnecessary articles which add to the 'complexity' of life.

The fundamental message of the *swadeshi* movement, as I understand it, is:—*simplify, simplify*. Simple life is essential to health and happiness. Simple life has suffered under the shock of Western industrialism. The 'boycott' and home industries will make India's life simpler and contribute to the happiness of the masses. They will also check the greed and exploitation of the West. Lancashire and Manchester industries will collapse; but industrialism will be

checked. In its pursuit of money, England has almost forgotten the truth that *man is more than a wealthproducing machine*. In an article on modern Economics in a Hindi magazine, Mahatma Gandhi wrote:—"Competition does not help in bringing out all the potential capabilities of a man: it rather leads society towards destruction; the principles of modern economics are unsound to society; the aim of true economics must be to teach people to be *just and moral* in all their dealings, and under all their dealings, and under all circumstances." And a leading Anglo-Indian paper commented on this in the following words:—"It would appear that Mr. Gandhi is confusing *economics* with *ethics*"! The divorce of economics from ethics which is a malady of modern industrialism. The fundamental thing in the swadeshi economics should be regulation of economic relations by *moral laws*. Economics, like science, should be *humanised*. This, to my mind, is the vital meaning of the *swadeshi* movement. And if, by boycotting foreign cloth, India can induce England to

return to simple life, she will not only help herself but also save Britain from some of those influences which, in the name of industrialism, are poisoning the very springs of civilization. The Swadeshi Movement, if it be not infected with the 'exploitation' spirit, should enable India to recuperate,—should help her to get back some of her lost spiritual wealth. The Swadeshi Movement, I trust, may prove to be a moral challenge to British imperialism, may vindicate the moral power of India and conquer the complex industrialism of the West.

ADAPTATION

The main problem in India, as it seems to me, is the problem of re-organising national life.

The Environment, the Production and the People are the three factors to be taken note of in any attempt to face the problem of re-organisation or re-construction. Politics will primarily be concerned with the first, economics with the second, and Education with the third of these factors. The Indian problem, therefore, is at once political, economic, educational; it is a socio-economic problem, and if it is to be solved it must ask at once of government and people one thing, Adaptation.

The bureaucracy must go. Government must reckon with the fact that Indians, like other civilized peoples, think in terms of freedom, and it must come to terms with the people. Adaptation to life is a mark

of life; and administrators, politicians, publicists must all *adapt*, themselves to the new life into which India has been born during the last few years.

Adaptation is also the duty of the people. To think that you have everything, that your nation needs nothing from others, is not patriotism but partisanship, egoism; and if India is to be a great nation, its people must not shrink from the dynamic task of *new adaptation*. Static satisfaction in its past never helped a nation. We must purify ourselves. Japan ~~did~~ not start on its genuine activity till it moved forward to assimilate the new meaning of the present. Life is adaptation because life is assimilation, fellowship with the present no less than with the past and future. And the task of re-construction in India demands that the Environment, the Production and the people be adapted to the essential truth of the new age.

That truth is Freedom; and they miss the meaning of national agitation who think that its aim is simply to secure for

Indians high posts in the administration ; its aim is to build up an environment of freedom for this country. Freedom of the press, of person, and of speech are essential to India's life if she is not to fall back in the race for Progress.

Production— increased production— is another factor in re-construction ; it is a factor which has played a great part, and will play a greater part still, in the coming days when the world passes 'from war to work.' We must produce sufficient swadeshi cloth to meet the demand. India must clothe herself. Our national plan of economic development is—run out. And in industry and agriculture, our system should be such as may give opportunities of honest decent life to every Indian.

The life of the people—civic life, rural life—is another factor in re-construction ; and here, too, adaptation is necessary. The movement city-ward seems inevitable ; it cannot be checked ; but it may be regulated by forces which help the life of the Nation. As it is, death-rate in cities is

appalling ; alcoholism, and public hygiene are problems which must be faced in the modern spirit which realises the national value of good physique and health. And back of these is the problem of *education*. For, if it is necessary to raise the freedom-standard and life-standard of India, it is yet more necessary to raise the thought-standard of students—the Nation's potential builders.

It is foolish to think that the Indian mind is meant only for metaphysical flights to the Absolute, of mystical communion with One above the man. Long before Greece and Rome were born, long before any modern nation of Europe was born, India built up a wonderful civilization and made wonderful discoveries—not intuitionally but scientifically—in physics, chemistry, astronomy, mathematics, and medicine ; Dr. Bose is convinced that the Indian mind is still able to do original scientific work. Only it needs opportunities ; it needs wider contact with the modern environment ; it needs fellowship with that eternal life of freedom which has

been the inspiration of Western Nations and which we see new-born in the agony of India, to-day.

COURAGE AND SELF-CONTROL

An Ancient Scripture expresses a great truth of life when it says:—"A man becomes what he thinks upon." What is true of an individual is true of social groups, and communities and the Nation. They become like what they think upon. And it is well they think upon Lok. Tilak. It is well for the people of India to meditate upon his life. For here in India, the people have lived for long years in an atmosphere of fear. A prominent feature of Lok. Tilak's life was:—*Fearlessness*. He fought the battles of Swarajya for 40 years with singular *courage and strength of will*; he was never afraid of the bureaucracy. Prosecuted, persecuted, maligned, misrepresented, harassed in a thousand ways by a power-intoxicated bureaucracy, imprisoned thrice, the third time when he was

advanced in age, he never shrank, never quailed in fear, never apologised to the official class, only too anxious to demoralise the national movement by snatching apologies from people's representatives in weak moments of physical prostration or mental and moral depression. Lok. Tilak lost many a battle with the bureaucracy ; but he never compromised his self-respect or courage.

What though the field be lost ?
 All is not lost ; the unconquerable will,
 And courage never to submit or yield,
 And what else is not to be overcome.

Lok. Tilak was the Hero whose courage never flinched. The Indian of to-day is different from the Indian of the earlier generation ; he is different even from the Indian of 1914. There is in India to-day, a better understanding of bureaucratic professions and bureaucratic performances ; the Khilafat movement has linked the masses of India with the Party of the Nation ; and there is, to-day, a widespread desire for *swaraj*. But mere *desire*

will not build *swaraj*; what is needed at this hour is the *will* to be loyal to the *swaraj*-ideal and the *courage* to act up to the conviction. The Country has rich endowments; but it has not yet *realised its manhood*. This realisation will come with *courage* and *self-control*,—*courage* that will not be afraid of the bureaucracy, *self-control* that will not surrender itself to counsels of violence or passion. Lok. Tilak's life is an example to us all in *courage* and *self-control*. If the Indians of to-day will but carry in their minds these two thoughts of the departed Leader—*courage* and *self-control*—they will build a great future for Aryavārtha. Halls and Libraries and Schools and Asrams and Institutes may spring up in different parts as memorials to him; the greatest memorial to him in India will be the minds and hearts of young men resolved to walk in the light of his Example and build *swaraj* with the power of *courage* and *self-control*.

THE POWER TO ACHIEVE

Public life in India is still assailed by opportunism and shiftiness. But we must not be pessimistic; life moves by trial; and a vital people profits by the past. The great masses still have the simplicity, the strength, the old-world idealism which modern life needs. In these 'masses' and in the younger generation eager to know and sing the Secret of Bharata, dwells the nation; in them lie my hopes for tomorrow; and the great meetings held in different places have indicated that the 'masses' and the young are awakening to the new national impulse; I speak not from hearsay; I speak of what I know; not a few of them have asked me with eager eyes:—"When is swaraj coming"? Boys and girls dream of the coming Nation. And at some of the mass meetings I have found and greeted the God of my Native-

land. The people are sound to the core ; but they need Servants of the Ideal in different parts to educate and direct the new-born national sentiment. The problem of the coming days is the problem of finding Servants of the People.

Many at this hour seem to think that all a man needs to help the country is to oppose the official. It is true India is, as perhaps no other place in the world, an official-ridden Country ; several of those officials represent neither the culture of the West nor the manners of the East ; it is no wonder they look down on the people from their seats of power, regarding themselves as half-gods in their 'authority' clothes. Nor do I forget the crimes and iniquities of economic Imperialism in India. But no country was carried forward long by spending its strength either in fault-finding or in picking up favours and titles at official doors. There is a beautiful text in one of the Upanishads :—"A man becometh what he thinketh upon." Don't think so much of the official ; don't spend your strength either in

the effort to adjust yourself to him ; and—may I not add ?—don't throw out thoughts of hate against him for betraying his noblest traditions of freedom in this country. Hate is a passion which weakens ; it does not build ; let him that is arrogant be arrogant still ; the official who is selfish and stupid sits as a burden on the back of his Empire ; he can, in the long run, do little harm to a people strong in its sense of self-respect and its passion for progress. I would have you realise the truth that the destinies of India are committed to the young, not to this official or that ; and nothing, I believe, will help in building up public life so much as *faith in yourselves*.

This faith will bring with it a new appreciation of the values of character in public life. We have had several Conferences, political and social ; have we even once called a poor man to the President's chair ? ' We cannot afford to vote for a poor man,' said a young man once. Why not, I ask, if that poor man be rich in character and record of service ? If we mean to build it not on official favours, not

on the ambitions of platform speakers, not on the money of capitalists or landlords, not on resources of the idle-rich, but in the great *principles of character*. They who would be our Helpers must convince us that they do not worship their own ambitions and selfishness but that in their hearts has been kindled the great light of love for the people.

In this direction must our public life move if India is to be helped in the coming days. Politics must be not a game, but courageous pursuit of the social good. The profound need of to-day is to approach our problems with *faith in our future and love for the people*. The man who carries in his heart this faith and this love will be ready to strengthen and sustain Hindu-Muslim unity, and to help peasants, labourers, clerks and teachers, unable to bear the severe strain of the new economic situation.

It is the leadership in service, not honours, which India appreciates the most. For this leadership the poor man is not disqualified, if he has ability and

character,—nor the rich man qualified, if he is poor in spirit. By such leadership will be built the New India which some of us see in a radiant dream. Such leadership means more than I can tell to-day ; it means sweet reasonableness ; it means a *calm* mind ; it means self-control ; above all, it means *tapasya*, the power to bear much, to suffer much. There is no love without *tapasya* ; and the life of every one who would lead us to great things in the coming days must be one of *tapasya*. I believe profoundly that with *tapasya* come rich blessings to a people ; the *power to achieve* comes, not from the impulse to *possess* and *accumulate*, but from the impulse to suffer and sacrifice. There is an ancient story of a tall tree. To that spot came, one day, a mighty Prince ; he had by him a poor, simple peasant who looked at the spot and sighed. The Prince asked :—‘Why do you sigh thus?’ And the peasant said :—‘Sir, I see that the spot is lovely ; and I remember that it once belonged to us—the Peasants ; and so I sigh.’ The Prince got mightily offended ; he had

with him a wooden pole ; he stuck it in the ground and said :—‘ When this wooden pole gives forth branches, you may expect this place to come back to you peasant.—not till then !’ And the peasant did *tapasya* ; and the story has it, the pole became green, and blossomed, and spread its branches ; it became a tall tree. And is not this story a Parable ?

WILL INDIA RE-ARISE ?

Judge as the world may, of men and things by outer glamour, by external achievements, they who glimpse even a little of the beauty of that Law which builds and binds the world,—they know that in the measure of *aspiration* is the measure of that service which is blessed. The Kingdom of Heaven is the kingdom of the little ones of poor in spirit who serve the God-in-Man ; and, according as you endeavour to build such a kingdom of Service, will your work be fruitful.

—No town, no village in ancient India was complete until it had around it a Ring called the *Mangal Vithi*, the path of blessings. Your Society and other Societies working for social uplift make such a Ring round this city, such a Path of Blessings. For to serve is to bless the city, the society, the Nation ; and the service, such as

you do every day enriches the life of the Nation.

Surveying your work recorded in your Report, I thought I might throw out to you a few suggestions which some of you may take up and develop along the lines most congenial to you. And first, let me suggest that the right way to serve the poor is to go to them, not in the spirit of *inspectors* or *patrons* but that of *helpers and friends*. It will not do to approach them as superior persons; to patronise is not to serve; I would suggest, next, that your society should have a board of health consisting of some doctors in the city; you could report diseases to the Board, and members of the Board would examine, free of charge, water, milk, sputum of patients, prescribe medicines for them and in other ways help the Society's work.

I would suggest, further, that you co-operate as volunteer workers with existing institutions of medical relief in the city. You can help charitable institutions by working as volunteers.

There is need of volunteer workers also

in mofussil towns, in several small villages where many succumb to malaria and other fevers, year after year, for lack of timely help; several of these deaths are preventible, and your society will earn a great *punya* by sending out volunteer workers to these places during particular periods of the year.

In several of the great centres of civilisation in Europe, they have what are called infant Hospitals; to these Hospitals are admitted only the little ones, the infants; a nation in truth is built by its little ones; in more senses than one, the Child is the father of Man; and a Nation must needs decay where infant mortality is high. It will not, at present, be possible for you, I am afraid, to build an Infants' Hospital; but you can, you should, I think, put forth efforts to build an Infants' Dispensary, instead of a General Dispensary. Take care of the little ones, and the City will take care of itself.

May I ask you, next, never to forget how beautiful, how sanctifying it is to serve in little things? It is natural for you to

think of the ways and means for expansion of your society ; but it will be well for you to shun the glamour of what the world calls 'great things.' Avoid the temptation of being big ; if it be not thought presumptuous, I would suggest for your daily work the motto, 'service in little things.'

For, believe me, the world is moved in the long run, not by machinery but by spirit: not by huge organisations ; but by the power of aspiration. It is the Religion of Service in little things which is India's need. I wonder if you read the beautiful River-Hymn of the Rig-Veda ; in it the worshipper is represented as holding in his hands a little water and praying : 'Oh ! Gunga, Yamuna, Godavari, Saraswati, Narmada, Sindhu and Cauvery, come ye, and enter into this little water of my offering.' The Sapta Sindhu, the Seven Rivers of Hindusthan,—it is poetically felt by the worshipper,—enter into the little water of his offering to the Lord. And in the little service of your offering to the Nation, the Lord will enter to enrich it with His blessings.

May I not, ask you, to take with you to those you serve something of the essential message of the Indian ideal.

In a volume of stories written by an eminent interpreter of Russian, life—and I believe Russian Literature has a value for modern Indians—we have a beautiful story which tells of two Russian soldiers escorting a man who does not give out his name but who talks, again and again, of the Land of Freedom ; he has not gone far, when he sits down to rest, and the two soldiers have to rest with him ; further off is the muddy road ; this must be crossed before the destination is reached ; but the man who is nameless is content to rest and talk of the Land of Freedom. Then it is one of the two soldiers speaks strong words of sober wisdom:—"Come on !" he says, "it is time to go, to advance ; we have rested long enough." And I fain would speak these words to you, friends, on this occasion. For you blunder greatly if you think the Path of Service is strewn with Roses ; believe me the Path is rough, and stony ; and again and again, you must

walk the muddy road, if you would be true servants of Society. We in India have rested long; it is time to go, to advance, to walk the muddy road, to offer our little service to this Ancient Land. Such the message, I would ask you to spread to all you meet; they need it, the message of hope and healing. In the strength of this message, do your daily work and pour music and color and sunshine and joy into the hearths and homes of the people; tell them it is time to go, to advance, to go along the muddy road, to press forward in faith to the goal; tell them to believe in India's future. For though the clouds threaten at this hour, the blue skies will yet appear and the sun will shine again, and this ancient gifted Nation, this India of our faith and prayers will re-arise to vindicate herself before the world.

IDEALISTS AND ENERGISTS

“The *muni* does service with a vision of the Beautiful in his heart.” Here is a text from the literature of medieval India. Last time I considered with you the question :—What is greatness ? To-night I wish to consider the question—what is service ? Greatness is what young men think of ; they also talk of *seva* (service) ; the word is in the air ; the platform and the press talk of nation-service. Who is the true servant ? “ The muni does service,”—we read in the text, Muni means, radically, the silent man ; it corresponds to the original meaning of the word *mystic* which is :—the ‘ silent one ’—‘ The silent one does service ’—a strange teaching you say ! Is it true ? There are men who make much noise ; men who say :—‘ we gave so much in charity ; we did so much for the people.’

You, sometimes, think *they* are among the servants of the Nation; you, are mistaken. *The great servants work in silence.* When the ship moves off, you think the big surface-waves make it go; you do not see the under-currents; and you seldom see the silent servants of the Nation.

You may think it is an easy thing to sit in silence; you are mistaken. Make the experiment; try to sit in a corner there; mark how many thoughts crowd in upon you; inattention here is attention elsewhere. Silence here is communion elsewhere. I once advised a high-placed European official to practise silence every day for half an hour. He tried it, he said to me, for 15 minutes, then he was 'tired'! The silent man does service with a "vision of beauty in his heart." To be silent is not to be lazy. There is no real silence without communion with the Ideal, the Beautiful. The *power* to serve, the *shakti* comes with a *darshan*, a vision of an Ideal. Plato in his great dialogue "*The Phaedrus*"—speaks of the vision of 'true forms,'—'the vision of the world of Ideas,' and true service is done

by the man who makes no noise, but is in touch with the forms, 'ideas' the *rupa* of the Beautiful.

Let us commune with the Beautiful if we would be servants of India, servants of the Universe. Have we tried to see the *rupa* of the Beautiful one in nature? Then we would practise *ahimsa*. Then we would not harm bird and beast. Then we would have sympathy with nature. Hindu worship, as you may know, is incomplete without an offering of flowers; and I believe our daily service to the Universe is disturbed by the injury we inflict on bird or beast. Some of the great heroes of natural history have entertained a tender feeling for Nature. You have heard, of the eminent French naturalist who died a few years ago,—Henrie Fabre. He was sought by the French minister of education and introduced to the Emperor of France; he became a tutor to the Emperor's son; he got tired of the court life; he did not want the world's honours; he left his appointment; he went to a little village to study in

silence spiders, wasps and birds; he has recorded his wonderful discoveries in eleven volumes; and through them all runs the thread of one beautiful thought:—"Love the little ones of Nature." Can't we love the "little ones?" Can't we see the Beautiful One,—in village-folk, in peasants and labourers, in the poor ones, the neglected ones of the earth? We talk of nation-service; do we have fellowship with the cottager, the poor villager, the depressed labourer, the neglected child? Let us love the little ones, if we would serve the Motherland.

'Nation-service':—have we paused to consider what is the *rupa*, the form of India? What vision of India do we carry in our hearts? Is it the vision of an aggressive, militant nation? If India is to achieve her quest, you and I must be true to the Indian Ideal. That Ideal modern democracies have missed; hence the narrow nation-cults of to-day. India has worshipped the Infinite Living Ideal. India has believed that hatred ceases not by hatred but by love. Shall we keep

India's Faith in our hearts through all the irritations and excitements of to-day?

In the National Movement to-day are two kinds, of men ; there are men of ideas, —*idealists*, I would call them ; there are men also of battle-spirit,—*energists*, let me call them. The Movement has a future,—but on *one* condition:—*energists*, must be guided by *idealists*. The movement must fail of its great purpose if the *energists* dominate the *idealists*. Idealists are men who carry in their hearts a *great love and a great vision*. And love has the power to build, not hatred ; and a People without a vision must perish. In an age which believes in brute force, shall we not be loyal to India's Ideals. There is evil ; let us not submit to it ; but neither should we combat it with evil thoughts or the forces of hate ; let us overcome it with the power of the Ideal. There is a suggestive little story of a young man. He goes to a village ; his speeches attract attention ; the village-folk go up to him one day and say :—" We would follow you : tell us what we should do." This young

man is a *talker* ; he is not an *idealist* ; and he says to them :—"Mighty is the world ; offend it not ; to be wise is to submit." An earnest-minded villager is taken back at these words. "You cannot lead us then," he says, "for though the world is mighty, the right course is *not to submit but to overcome it*." I ask my young friends to give this little parable a place in their hearts. I ask them to worship the Ideal. Then let us go out as non-conformists, as servants of Humanity, and we shall overcome evil with the power of the spirit.

RACE CO-OPERATION

After over a hundred and fifty years of British connection with India, the Englishman finds himself still a 'foreigner' in this country and the Indian regards himself a stranger in his father's soil! I want swaraj so that Indians and Englishmen may live together on terms of equality, may work together as comrades in the one service of India; Swaraj as I understand it does not aim at driving out the British from India. Swaraj aims at ending a system under which Indians are serfs in the Empire. In a way, the problem we are to solve is the problem of *race-co-operation*. If India solves it satisfactorily, she will enrich the world's life. Swaraj is not a cult of separation; it is a cult of co-operation. Only this co-operation is to be realized by passing through a stage of *non-*

co-operation. It is good for us to stand aloof from government in order to have opportunities to build up our 'strength' on the basis of self-reliance. Our standing apart should also do good to Englishmen. When Indians feel strong and Europeans purge themselves of racial pride, it will be time for the two classes to come together in the one service of the Nation.

In the course of a talk with a cultured European I referred with regret to the Englishman's racial antipathy. He complained of the "Indian purdah system and caste restrictions." These, however, have not prevented the Hindu and the Muslim from co-operating in several matters for the Common Good. The fact is there, and must not be denied that there *is* colour-prejudice;—there *is* race-feeling. The Englishman comes to India but leaves his heart in England! He speaks of India as a "land of regrets." He does not appreciate, and does not care to understand, the Indian Ideal of life. Some of the best among the Englishmen do not go beyond *patronising* the Indian.

Until political relationship is based on a natural basis, the estrangement must continue. When after a long period of waiting, we claim political equality, the majority of Englishmen think there is something wrong with their 'wards'! The truth is the Englishman has failed in India. He can *patronise*, he does not *fraternise* with the people. He will not, until he realizes *our strength*. We shall show our strength through *self-reliance*. Swadeshi is a message of *self-reliance*; non-co-operation on its constructive side is a message of self-reliance. Self-reliance does not mean *isolation*; it means *concentration*; it means *self-organization*. We cannot afford to exclude the West. India cannot be what, I believe, the Spirit of History means her to be, a World-Teacher, if she rejects the God of the West. The New Movement must fail of its purpose, as I understand it, if it becomes, at any time, a hate-movement. There are within it, to-day, men with mixed motives. If the Movement is to help India, it must be dominated by *idealism*, by infinite respect

for Humanity. Only to serve Humanity, India must *know herself* and *gather her inner strength*. Once that 'strength is secured, Europe will *respect* India. I may be too optimistic. But if in our hearts we retain reverence for Humanity, and if still the experiment in race-co-operation fails, the blame will not be upon us. The problem of progress is, in a very real sense, a problem of race co-operation. There are differences in temperament, traditions, customs, creeds; but differences need not divide when there are deeper unities of mental outlook and moral and spiritual appreciation. Servants of Jesus and Buddha and the Rishis no less than helpers of civilization, are they who, whether Indians or Englishmen by birth, resolve to be comrades to-day to help India in her struggle for Freedom. She would be free in order to co-operate with the World-Movement. If Englishmen will still oppose her, on *them* will rest the heavy *Karma* of having frustrated an experiment in race co-operation, and India will go the way of separation. With or

without the Englishman, India must achieve Swaraj or cease to be a living Nation. For to live is to be Free.

A PROPHET OF HARMONY

Three and thirty years have passed by since his voice was hushed and his eyes closed in the Great Awakening which men call death ; three and thirty years since he poured the last benediction of his earth-life upon this bitter world and returned to the wonder-realm of the unseen. And year after year with a passion unspent, with a devotion undisturbed by all the cruel calumnies of critics, they who saw him and lived and laboured with him a generation ago have clung to the sacred memory. He seems to grow in stature as the years pass ; he seems to come nearer to us every year ; and to-day when the nation cults and 'Strafing' between States are growing and civilisation has hurled its machinery and manhood at the fair beauteous face of the Wisdom that is Love, my thoughts go out again and again to this

Hindu Prophet of Harmony, this Indian seer who saw *humanity as a whole*, this World-Patriot who opened a path to Reconciliation of all races, all religions, all teachers, all scriptures in the Vision of the One God Who is the Parent-Spirit of all.

A gifted English writer, Miss Cobbe, was deeply impressed with his child-like confidence in God and was reminded of what Christ must have been! Max Muller called him "one of the greatest sons of the East;" Joseph Cook mentioned him in the same breath with St. Augustine and St. Patrick; and more than one in America classed him with Buddha and Moses and Zoroaster and other prophets of the East; Martineau called him "a kind of Second John;" Sri Ramakrishna Paramahansa, the Saint of Dakshineswar, found him the most congenial to his soul, and several in India and abroad counted him among the prophets of the world.

But he loved to call himself a servant of the World-Prophets. And when they, the Masters of Wisdom, saw that India where

many races and religions were met, had ignored the ancient Realisation, they sent this man as a messenger to live in the midst of men and teach them those deeper truths of the Spirit which alone can harmonise the diverse aspects of life and unify all races and religions and save the movement of modern civilisation.

So simple, so natural, so human was this man whose life was one unbroken witness to the Beauty that is God. Singular this man in his sympathies, his labours of love, his great vision, his eloquent interpretation of the Eternal Unseen—singular but not supernatural, for who taught with greater passion the sacred truth that the avatar the Christ, the Divine Humanity was immanent in every one, that every man and child was a centre of infinite value, was potentially great as the great ones of the world? He rejoiced in the name of *sewak*, a servant of the world-teachers, and he paid homage to Humanity as the Son of God. Surely, they err most grievously who think this man wished to be the centre of a new cult, the Guru of a new

religion. With his whole heart he protested against *guruism*, knowing that the Jagat-Guru, 'the World-Master, is immanent in every human heart. India the Mother has produced many hero-sons and hero-daughters;—every one of them an exponent of the Mother, an interpreter of the Ideal; and foolish it were to think of paying homage to one only of these great ones of the mother. Homage to Kesub! homage also to Ram Mohan, to Ramakrishna, to Dayanand, to Devendranath Tagore. to Ram Tirtha, to Vivekananda, to Pratap Chandra Muzumdar and Upadhyaya, Guru Govind, to Navalrai and Hiranand, to Mahatma Gandhi and Ravindranath Tagore,—to all the heroes of modern India!

'Genius is religion' says Emerson; and the same thought was recently expressed by Sir Oliver Lodge, when he said that a genius was one who got glimpses of the spiritual world. Kesub was in this sense a genius in speech, in character, in work; his utterances and activities were inspired by spiritual insight. Prayer, meditation

and love were his method of approach to the Eternal Unseen. "From the first" he says in his Jeevan Veda "I had recourse to supplication before God." Religion to him became a realisation, its foundation not the authority of a code, a creed, a book, a priest, but a personal experience of the Spirit, vital, living and loving fellowship of the soul with the In-Soul. This is what he called God-consciousness or God-vision; and realising the God within, he went beyond himself to realise the same Spirit in nature, and in the life of humanity. The Spirit in the soul is, also, the Immanent Energy of the cosmos and the moving Spirit of History. In this triple life of the Spirit Kesub discerned the religious unity of the race; he saw the Brotherhood of world-prophets, the reconciliation of parted religions. In his Calendar of Saints there were days set apart for meditation on Socrates and Sakyamuni, Moses and Mahomed, Jesus and Chaitanya, Zoroaster and the Rishis of Aryavarta. In his "Slokasangraha" we have the world's first International Text-book in

Religion—a book which brings together the great texts from Sacred Books of the Hindus, Buddhists, Sikhs, Jews, Christians, Mahomedans, Parsis, Chinese and shows the underlying unity of their doctrines. In his institution of ‘*Pilgrimage to Saints*’ we have a clear articulation of the truth that the great ones of the World do not die but are still with us—members of the One Fellowship of Service and in the hour of meditation we can draw nigh to them and feel them as our comrades in the Sacred Cause.

Kesub’s Vision of Harmony included, also, a synthesis of the social and the spiritual. He was not an ascetic ; he was not a recluse. He believed in life. “Of all books” he said, “the best is life.” He was anxious that India and, through India, the world should learn to verify the vision of the God-in-man. His lectures and life-work were a witness to the faith that shows itself as works, as social service. His faith was creative : it built up the Indian Association, the Band of Hope, the Victoria College, the Albert School ; it

organised the "Indian Mirror" and a literature department; it raised bands of men in different parts who created New Temples to the worship of the Spirit-God; it sent the thrill of a new national consciousness throughout the length and breadth of India. Kesub was a patriot in the deepest sense of that word; he believed in the soul, the over-soul of his nation; he loved India in the very wreckage of her ancient splendour; he paid homage to her glory, the glory that was in the dim twilight of primeval history, the glory immortalised in her ancient Literature and Art; he found that glory enveloped by centuries of decadence; he felt that India could not be great again until she recovered her long-lost loyalty to the lofty ideals built within her soul; he deemed it essential to organise a movement of Reconstruction and Regeneration. Hence his efforts to uplift the Indian womanhood, to evolve a scheme of national education, to help the silently-working masses, to emphasise qualities of social efficiency, to lift up the divinity latent even among

those who seem to us to go astray but who, under the grace of the Spirit, are destined to move one day towards the Light.

Many problems press themselves upon India to-day problems of national education, of industry and labour, of India's womanhood, of national health and mass education, of reorganisation of national resources and reconstruction of the national life in all departments. These problems will be solved not by paper resolutions but by great resolves such as may revolutionise the lives of India's young men and make them servants of the nation. Life is meant to be creative, and they only share in the creative work of life who strive to give the best they can as their offering at the lotus-feet of the Lord. Kesub's life was creative, for he realised his unity with the God-in-man; and as many as strive to enter into this vision of Unity will be blessed, for they will be accepted in the service of the Mother.

Tolstoy tells us the story of a rich man—rich and selfish; he has a servant named Nikita; they march through fog and ice

in bitter winter cold ; and the master takes all the fur and clothing unto himself leaving nothing for Nikita, and Nikita is almost dying of cold. " I am dying," said the poor man, " give my wages to the little lad or to my wife.....Pardon me for the sake of Christ." Then it is that the heart of the master is touched: the thought flashes across his mind. " I myself *am* Nikita." With hasty hands he begins to remove the snow from the servant's body ; he parts with the fur and clothing to protect Nikita, he says to him : " You talk of dying ; No, you live and grow warm, and let *me* die." He realised his unity with Nikita ; he felt there was but One Life flowing in both.

How great is India's need to-day for men who will realise this unity and bear witness to the One Life flowing in all.

Poor, unknown, covered with dust, rejected of men, they will be the builders of India's future ; they will solve freedom's problems ; they will bear witness to the great soul-affirmations ; they will antagonise race-antagonisms and national ag-

grandisement. Linked with the Great Unseen, they will labour in the night of sorrow for the mighty morrow to be. Nietzsche never committed a greater mistake than when he spoke of the superman as the strong man who would use power for himself. The law of life is not to get but to give, not to keep but to share. And this is God-vision, God-life,—share the best in you with others. Some day this house—this earthy house—will perish: but it has been built for a realisation of the Self that never dies. The values of that larger life will endure when all else has passed away. Share these values with others and know that the great thing in the world is the Love that will realise its unity with others, the Love that will give itself so that others may live. Learn to give yourselves in this service, and you will work new wonders in this ancient land; and through you the long-lost song of the Indian Soul will come back again as the flowers bloom and the stars gleam again.

A PROPHET OF DEMOCRACY

A marvellous story this,—the Story of a Life wherein is harmony of heroism and humility,—a life of great achievements, yet of simplicity,—of frugal living and noble thinking and overflowing love. A Soldier, a Statesman, a Teacher, a Saviour of the Sikh Community, a Nation-Builder—Guru Govind Singh's life has several aspects, every one of which has its vital value at this hour of the Nation's need. God in His *Kathor-Kripa* filled the Guru's life with struggle and suffering. Hence its special appeal to the Nation to-day.

Review the main incidents of his life. He works among the Hill Rajahs; they understand him not; he is a friend of the poor:—their Protector: and the poor drawn by his spiritual magnetism are devoted to him as disciples to their master. The Hill Rajahs become jealous of him; they launch a campaign against him. Not

they alone. The great Moghul, forgetting Akbar's ideal and the teachings of Islam, falls upon the Guru and the faithful few who cling loyally to him and his great cause. It is customary to represent him and his teachings as anti-Muslim: that is a misconception of the Guru and His Message. He was against the Moghul's autocracy; he was not against Islam. The spirit of Islam, as Mr. Wells admits in his "Outlines of History," is full of kindness, generosity and brotherhood, "instinct with the chivalrous sentiments of desert and making its appeal straight to the common instincts in the composition of ordinary men." Islam is democratic; so is the faith of the Guru. Islam is a simple religion; so is the Guru's gospel. But the Moghul was a Mussulman in name; he understood little of Islam; he knew little of statecraft; the clue to the failure of his imperial system was its lack of sympathy, and its unsound political attitude to the People. So it is the Moghul came in conflict with Guru Govind who regarded himself a Servant of the Poor.

The Guru offends the Brahmin too. He knows no distinction of caste ; he admits to his Brotherhood the so-called lower orders ; he mixes freely with them ; he joins in their Song : and is there not more of faith and reverence in the Songs of the Poor than in the hymns and ecclesiastic observances of the orthodox ?

It is no wonder he is persecuted, is driven from pillar to post, from post to pillar ; his two sons are bricked up alive ; his followers are slain or scattered ; what sustains him in his suffering ? Listen to his answer :—"I have taken shelter at Thy Feet, O Lord." Tired, driven from place to place, persecuted over and over again, with tears in his eyes, with iron in his soul, he finds shelter at the Feet of the Lord and there gathers strength for service to the Nation.

And they believe in his belief,—his comrades, the Khalsa. And strong in the strength of faith and devotion, of *bhakti* and *tahl*, they go upon their great career in a dark day of Indian history. Faith is fearless, and faith is fruitful. The Guru

fears none. "None else have I noticed, ever since I found my shelter at Thy Feet." And the Guru's disciples are fearless too. So it is that the five men rightly named 'the loved ones,' the panch pyaras, offer their lives on the altar of the National Cause. So it is that his two sons go to the battlefield and die—deathless witnesses to the power of faith. And what more moving than the Story which a Muslim writer of those days has recorded? The sentence of execution is passed upon a young man because he is a disciple of the Guru; on his behalf his mother pleads successfully before the King, saying the boy is innocent, saying he has disowned the Guru? But when he, the young man, is offered release, he exclaims:—"My mother speaks not well: my devotion to the Guru none can impeach; I am prepared to die."

Shall we bear witness to the Guru in the Struggle of these days? Youth and age, the living and the dead mingle in this mighty struggle. Name it as you will, the National Struggle is for something nobler

than political reforms ; the Struggle is for the breaking of India's chains, the setting free of India's soul for the service of Humanity. Shall we be in the Struggle ? Then let us remember him, the young man, who refused to be released saying that in the service of the Guru he was prepared to die. And remembering him we may know that between India and Her destiny there is but one veil,—the fear, the unfaith of Her Children.

THE FEAST OF LIGHTS

There was—so runs an ancient story—a great Forest ; it had many roads. One only road was straight ; but it was far off and rough and narrow. And in the wood were many lights which continually flamed and flickered, and died and flamed again. And in the wood wandered many men following the wandering lights, finding no Home. A few there were who followed the road which was straight and rough and found a Light before them and their feet bled ; but they came out of the Forest and won their way at last to their Home.

And to his Home Sri Ramchandra came in the long ago. Out of the Forest he came, treading the one only road which was straight and rough and narrow, loyal to the light which grew greater and greater with the passing of every one of his exile. Rama returned to Ayodhya,

and the People, full of love for their King who loved them all, illuminated the city, every house burning a little light as a love-offering to Rama, the Beloved of Aryavarta. And ever since has Hindu India commemorated the day as the 'Diwali', the Deepavali, the day of the Feast of Lights. 'Monarchy and the Multitude'—such the aspiration of Disareli; and the Aryan Multitude, the Aryan People looked up to Rama as their Leader, the great Guardian of their culture and civilization, their polity, their *Dharma*. Kings like Krishna and Rama and Asoka India had in the long ago,—men who gathered wealth for the service of the commonwealth, who fought to extend law and civilization, who governed as servants of the People and the Aryan Ideal. No wonder there was none in ancient India to shout as Whitman did in America:— 'Thunder on, stride on, Democracy! with vengeful stroke'; no wonder Monarchy has appealed to the heart, affections and imagination of India's masses through the ages. Indian monarchy in the days of

long ago was not absolutist like that of the Stuarts; the King was meant to be the Comrade of the People.

The Diwali does not celebrate Rama only. Behind Rama stood Sita, I love to think of Diwali as celebrating Sita's return no less than Rama's. And Sita is a symbol of the World—Mother.

The Diwali is the Festival of the family life; and the message of the day is in the first place, the message to *preserve home-life*. I regret the decay, of home-life in Sind; home is the basis of civilization and family is the unit of social progress. The way to help society is to take care of home. On the Diwali day it is customary with every orthodox Hindu to have his house cleansed; homes and gardens and temples and every window-niche and every nook and corner have to be kept clean. The message, therefore, of the Diwali is in the second place, that of *purity*. Home-life, indeed, can only be preserved in an *atmosphere of purity*; the institution of manner I regret, has unfortunately been degraded in India; it is for the married people to

realise the duties and obligations of the *grihastha asrama*, to realise that marriage is not for *bhoga* but for keeping unbroken the 'thread of the race.' The message of the Diwali, in the third place, is one of *tapasya*. Rama returned and Sita returned home, but only after spending years in the forest ! They practised *tapasya* and the day's message is 'Through *tapasya* to the Light.' Character means the power of *self-control*. Our need is *men of character*, not *opportunists* and *self-seekers* in public life, but men who would stand up for the truth, and rebuke the wrong,—men of courage—men who would develop the *power to resist* injustice. Our homes too will not be real homes if we have no self-control and *tyag*. Without *tapasya*, we would never be strong; the very bones of a man of *tapasya* would exert a mighty force; and the practice of *tapasya* would draw great souls waiting in the Unseen World to be born in the land to lead the people from darkness to light. *Tapasya* involves, suffering but it also purifies and enriches life; and the Grace of

God always makes such suffering Beautiful. The duty of the hour is for each one to purify himself, to cast out fear and hate and passion, to glimpse something of the beauty of the India as she is in the Heart of God, and to do his part in making the thought of God concerning India a reality. Thus only could a New Nation be built—not by theories and talk and paper schemes, but by tapasya which co-operation with the Grace of God that weaves the daily wonders of Nature, and has lit, again and again, the extinguished lamps of our National Life.

The *Diwali* day may well be observed as one of our Nation-Days; Rama is one of the Heroes of our history ; and the ' Feast of Lights ' may well remind us of our duties to the past and present for the building of a great future. Long have we wandered in the wood, following the shifting lights of custom and convention ; and we have not yet found our Home. Ignorance and poverty and illness and sorrows are in the Land which Rama loved in the long ago. Yet by treading the one

only path which is straight and rough and narrow,—the Path of Service—we too may find the Light before us, the Light which does not flicker and wander and wane but grows from more to more as the years go by. By *realizing* the nobler experiences of our Past, we may gather strength to respond to the new needs of the country, and in serving the poor millions of India we may offer to the Eternal Saviour of India *our* Feast of Lights.

POWER THAT BUILDS

I who have spoken oft of *swaraj* and democracy,—I wish to ask you, here, to realise that *swaraj* means little without *fellowship*, that *democracy* without *brotherhood* must fail of its nobler purposes. We are in the midst of a great struggle. It is a struggle against the existing system, against all forces which would keep India out of the World-Movement for freedom. In that struggle see that you do not trample upon the vision of Humanity. Don't forget that the Englishman in his office is not the Englishman at home or in England; criticise the official, but don't abuse or hate the *man*. Again, there are our countrymen who do not accept the Congress programme; do not forget they, too, belong to Humanity; criticise their views but do not, for a moment, abuse or back-bite them. Play the game firmly; don't intrigue. The

Politics of Intrigue will not take us a single step nearer swaraj ; and the Politics of passion and hate will only weaken our forces.

Patriotism means *love* of your country ; patriotism does not mean *hate* of another. In a powerful passage, Carlyle pleads for calling down "*fire from Heaven.*" That "*fire from Heaven,*" the *Agni* of the *Vedic Sages*, is *love*, not the heat of hate or strife. There are some who would tell you :—‘ have no scruples as to the *means* if only you can liberate India ; use the bomb or sword and die for India to make the Nation free ! Let me tell you,—*live* for India ; to *die* for her is easier than to live ; *live* for her, for the Nation’s good, and you will know how to *die* for her,—without making use of the bomb or sword. I feel more and more that hate and violence vibrations are multiplying to-day ; and the world’s piteous need is love. Who, if not India, blessed by the Rishis and Buddhas and Bhaktas of many ages, can give again the message of Love, the message of the Life Spiritual, to the Nations ? And

where there is a striving after the Spiritual, there is no *exclusive* nationalism. One of the greatest minds of to-day the Newton of the New age, is the world-famous German—Einstein—whose Theory of Relativity has revolutionised physics and metaphysics and religion. And he complained, the other day, of “too much nationalism”; he spoke of it as a ‘disease’ from which ‘mankind is suffering to-day.’ Friends ! if you will but love India, you will find there is no room in your hearts for national egotism, no room for hate against the Englishman, no room for ill-will towards any ‘foreigner.’ ‘Foreigners’, you call them, O friends ! if you could but realise that strangers to you in skin and speech and several ways, *they* are not strangers to Humanity.

I dream of a world-state ; I dream of the coming again of a mighty World-Teacher ; therefore I plead for a coming together of the Nations ; therefore I plead for a reconciliation of the Races. The age has become too ‘mechanistic’ ; the age needs to be revitalised by a new outpouring upon Civili-

zation of ideal forces. Our education, our industry, our politics, our art and literature and religion need to be re-spiritualised, re-invigorated. Centuries back, India was confronted with the race problem ; the Dravidian, the Scythian, the Turanian, the Persian, the Moghul, the Muslim entered this Land : the Aryan forgot the vision of the ancient Rishi:— “The Eternal is One : He hath no Caste ” the Aryan trampled upon the Ancient Teaching. Castes were no longer mere trade-guilds, as in the long ago ; each caste became a lonesome little house cut off from others ; the sin of separteness set in ; Society was sundered ; the one Nation was split up into many rival factions ; the poor were neglected ; millions of human beings were spurned as untouchable ; the Muslim and the Hindu ceased to be comrades in the one polity of the Nation ; friend fought against friend, and brother betrayed brother ; dissociation and lovelessness sapped the strength of society ; and India fell.

Once again does India get a chance to

solve the race-problem. This time the problem is more complex, more delicate, more difficult. The European has entered the Land. Will India solve the Problem? She failed to solve it centuries ago; will she solve it now? One thing I know; she cannot solve it with a mind distracted by passion and hate; she can solve it only with the Illumined mind of Love. And if in this ancient Land different races and different religions can live in a common fellowship for the service of a Free India, then indeed, will India become a Builder of a New Civilization. Aye,—India then will make the Pathway clear for the Coming again of Him, whose lotus-feet my heart has touched in my dreams and prayers during the tumults and tempests of these dynamic days.

CULT OF POWER

“The confusion of the Indian scene,” wrote a London journal, appears continually to increase.” The confusion is *in* the present system ; and the country becomes more and more conscious of it as the days go by. In a sense the problem of India is the problem of justice. And there can be no justice as long as law is subordinated to the executive. The Viceroy has often talked of ‘justice’ ; but what did he do in the Munitions Fraud Case ? He rightly criticised Sir Thomas Holland for withdrawing the case but added that Government had decided not to proceed with the case further ! The withdrawal, he recognised, was against justice ; Yet he allowed the law to be subordinated to the executive ! It is an open secret that several crores are looted every year by Europeans and Indians.

in the Munitions Department ; and who pays for this 'luxury' of loot ? The poor man, the peasant, the labourer ! It is the *system* which is demoralising. And the system remains unchanged in all essentials in this 'new era' of 'reforms.' What is wrong with this system ? Its Cult of Power. To this we oppose the Gospel of Freedom. Picketting of liquor-shops threatened to affect Government revenue, from an immoral traffic. Picketting is peaceful persuasion. It was open to the bureaucracy to carry on a peaceful pro-liquor propaganda. But the bureaucracy believes in the immoral 'cult of power.' In Karachi the bureaucracy caught hold of an innocent Swami, the organiser of an anti-liquor—campaign, and sent him to jail—for a year ! Then came the turn of volunteers. Several of them were hauled up before the magistrate by that 'god' of lying power,—police. The volunteers were sent to jail ! There were frequent thefts in Karachi ; the police were suspected by the people ; volunteers patrolled the streets at night to save their hearths and homes ; some of

these volunteers, too, were arrested ! The magistrates seem to have thought they did their duty when they simply carried out executive decrease. In one case, indeed,—if I am to trust a report,—a local pleader was threatened with bad consequences if he would take up the volunteers' case. That is how the system 'carries on' ! It seeks to demoralise the people by brandishing the 'big stick.' Its sin is its worship of the power-cult.

And how does the bureaucracy meet the challenge of nationalism ? By repression. Criticism is damned as sedition ; every word of remonstrance is regarded as sedition ! The National Congress was denounced as a seditious body. The national *mantra-Bandematram*—was regarded as a seditious cry. To-day if you preach non-co-operation, you are accused of spreading 'sedition.' If you say that the Premier has broken his promise and that you will not trust his Government, you are regarded as 'seditious.' If you say that you want self-rule, *swaraj* and that you must not be taxed and ruled by a foreign nation,

you are hauled up as a preacher of sedition. When the war was on, Mr. Asquith, addressing a great meeting at London, asked what would it be to them if the palaces in England were filled by foreigners and if they were taxed and ruled by a foreign nation! And they cheered him for his patriotism. If you use a similar argument in India when pressing your claim for swaraj, you are denounced as a 'revolutionary' and sent to jail. Mr. Asquith said a state of things such as he described would be 'intolerable.' If you repeat his words with reference to Indian conditions of life, you are charged under section 124-A! To claim for India what every Englishman would claim for England --is-- 'sedition'! Every Government meets *violence* with strong measures. But in India patriotism is penalised.

To-day many of our youngmen are in jail for the sin of patriotism. "Where does it lead, this repression?"—is the question put me, again and again. "To Liberty"—has been my reply. The Swaraj Movement is a challenge we have given to Government

Repression indicates that Government is taking up, in all earnestness, our challenge. When, therefore, our comrades are jailed, we should know it is the *expected* which happens. It is not our *dharma* to complain. Whatever is, is for the best,—if only we face it with moral strength.

For it seems to me that in the developing situation we and Government are on trial. And the trial will be of *moral* strength. Government will make repression more and more rigorous. I shall not be surprised, if, at any moment, repression develops into coercion. Lord Reading has told us repeatedly that he is in India to do 'justice', and that "justice would remain the supreme guiding factor in the destinies of India". In my province here I see 'justice' dominated by 'repression',—for reasons of state! Of all bureaucracies the Sind Bureaucracy believes the most, I think, in the cult of power; and political persecutions have shown judicial "frightfulness" rather than justice. It is easy to press sections 124-A and 153-A against any one who makes himself inconvenient

to the *sircar*. Patriotism is a crime ! Love of liberty is a grievous wrong !

In the *régime* of a 'justice-loving Viceroy' we see a revival of the methods used over a decade ago to put down the National Movement in Bengal. The methods failed. Once a nation is awakened *upto a point*, repression necessarily fails. For repression is the challenge of Power to Life. And a Nation's Life cannot be conquered by physical force. That Life can only be killed by a seed of decay from within,—by *unfaith* or *love of ease*. Repression must fail,—if only we are true to ourselves. We must not take 'fright', and we must not throw our feeling into violence. Fear is demoralising; violence is devitalising. It is *disciplined freedom* which exalts a Nation; and discipline is *essential* to the success of our movement. If we fail to show that the challenge of non-co-operation *can* continue without spreading social chaos or anarchy or ruin we must, in all honesty, confess failure. If in any part, the people are unwilling or unable to exercise self-restraint and if by

words or actions they help forces of disorder or violence, the Movement in that area must fail of its purpose." For *repression simply thrives on people's violence*. The way to use repression itself in the service of Freedom is to meet it with the power of the moral ideal. I met a patriotic *sanyasi* in jail; his humanitarian campaign against liquor had made the bureaucracy uncomfortable; he was sentenced to 12 months' rigorous; after some time, his case being revised by High Court without his filing an appeal, the sentence was reduced to 6 months *on condition* that he would sign a 'bond' for the next 6 months! The swami said to me:—"No bond to the bureaucracy! I did nothing wrong. I am happy in the jail". A young patriotic Muslim was sent to jail for voicing the strong Muslim feeling concerning the Khilafat; he, too, in a letter sent from his prison, wrote to say he felt happy! In my letter of reply to him I wrote the following:—"This morning I read in the Koran:—'*My Lord! the prison-house is dearer to me than that to which they invite me?*' This morn-

ing I send you my affectionate salutation! I am happy to learn you are meeting the situation optimistically. The Struggle we are in is growing every day. Several have been sent to jail since you left us. There are rumours of yet more arrests. I pray that, when my turn comes, I may go uncomplaining, with a smile on my lips and the ancient song in my heart:—‘My Lord! the prison-house is dearer to me than that to which they invite me.’ It is a privilege to suffer for a just Cause. Your suffering will not go in vain. You will, I feel sure, return purified and enriched, and strengthened for yet Greater Service in the coming days. Greetings from Comrades! And may you realise more and more that Suffering of the Innocent is the worship most acceptable to Allah the Compassionate”.

The young Muslim and the nationalist *sanyasi*, are but two of the many patriotic Indians now confined to jail and meeting bureaucratic repression with true bravery. I could name more. The number of young men punished for patriot-

ism is increasing. We must not complain. What we *must* do is to meet *power* with the *moral ideal*,—with faith in the value of suffering. Repression then has only to continue to kill the system it supports.

THE LIBERATOR

The heroes of Indian History, with two notable exceptions, perhaps,—Asoka and Akbar,—have not received fair treatment at the hands of English writers. One of these heroes was Sivaji, the Builder of the Mahratta Destiny. That eminent Indian patriot—the late Justice Ranade,—set forth, years ago, a reasoned vindication of Sivaji in his “Rise of the Mahratta Power.” Ranade impeached the verdict of Grant Duff, the English historian of the Mahratta period; Ranade devoted a good long chapter to a careful study of the principles of Sivaji’s administration. But Ranade’s voice—the voice of an Indian,—did not prove effective in receiving recognition for his hero from British administrators in India or Western students of history. And Anglo-Indians smelled ‘sedition’ in the movement led by Lok. Tilak

for reviving the national festival in honor of Sivaji; was not Sivaji a 'rebel' whose very name must be a by-word to every 'loyal' Indian? And it is true Sivaji gave to patriotism what sycophants surrendered to 'loyalty.' A Dublin Professor, in a little book, speaks of Sivaji as a 'perfect pest to his neighbours,' as a 'brigand' whose 'vanity' was 'wounded' by 'Aurangzeb's Muslim arrogance!' Yet it was Aurangzeb himself who paid tribute to Sivaji on receiving the news of the latter's death, saying that Sivaji was, undoubtedly, "a great Captain." So gifted a writer as Flora Annie Steel depicts Sivaji as a man who was "gay, reckless, unscrupulous,—with a perfect genius for conspiracy!" It is the view of Grant Duff which influenced students for a long time,—the view which represents,—misrepresents—Sivaji as a man of 'artfulness' and 'cunning.' It is a view rejected, to the best of my knowledge, by only one English student of the subject,—Mr. C. A. Kincaid of the Indian Civil Service. Mr. Kincaid, as every one in Sind knows, has scant

sympathy for our national aspirations ; but in his " History of the Mahratta People " he tried to be just to Sivaji ; Mr. Kincaid did well to write that book with the help of an Indian historian, Mr. Parasnis. " If Sivaji had been a treacherous assassin," rightly observed Mr. Kincaid, " such as he has been commonly portrayed, he would never have achieved what he did." Concerning the achievements of this Liberator of his native land much is told us also in a series of plays recently written by an Indian, Mr. Narayan Tipnis. It is a fascinating idea Mr. Tipnis is developing, —to bring the Story of Sivaji's life on the stage. I believe profoundly in the value of staging the lives of national heroes ; we need a new national theatre ; we need bands of young men to stage national plays bearing upon the lives of India's heroes such as Akbar, Sivaji, Rana Pratap, Guru Gobind Singh. Mr. Tipnis' plays on Sivaji are written with knowledge and imagination ; they represent Sivaji as the Man inspired by the Ideal of Indian Independence.

It speaks much of Sivaji's 'greatness' that at a time when the might of Aurangzeb seemed to be impregnable, Sivaji stood up against Moghul Imperialism. He had a strong sense of race and ancestry; the Voices of the Past seemed to speak to him; he obeyed the Call; he struggled, he suffered; he became an agent of India's historic destiny; he became a Liberator of his People. A great Soldier, a great Statesman, a great Organiser,—Sivaji, to my mind, was still greater as a man. "In all history," Mr. Kincaid rightly says, "there is no such example of modesty in the face of continued success." A French writer calls Napoleon "the egoist;" but Sivaji was a *man of faith*. He resisted the denationalising, dehumanising forces of Moghul Imperialism; he carved out a Kingdom; then he came to lay his conquests at the feet of his Guru, Ramdas; he believed profoundly that he held his 'Raj' as a trust from his Guru and the All-Giver.

For this Sivaji was a deeply religious man; therefore was he modest, chivalrous to women, generous to his foes; therefore

he recognised *dharma* as greater than might and glory; therefore the people followed him to the last and helped him in his efforts to lift high the India of his days. Sivaji regarded himself a servant of his great Guru; and when he ruled men, he did so as one who walked in the fear of God. Not literate, yet wise, he moved from place to place 'with the flame of freedom' in his soul, with the light of faith and nation-service in his eyes. God the Great Builder of India's Destiny raised him up to serve the country in the hour of its peril in the past. And 'tis my hope that on the wave of this new national impulse, Sivaji's name may be carried to new life and move us to a mighty faith in India's Freedom.

THE APOSTLE OF SATYAGRAH

This day is blessed. It is the *Janmotsav* day (birth-day) of Mahatma Gandhi. This day we greet him ; we offer him reverent homage of our hearts. Strange days have come upon us in Sind ; College students have been prohibited from joining us this day which celebrates India's patriot and prophet of Freedom. Your privilege it is to be here to bear witness to the man and his mission ; you have assembled at a very short notice to show your love and reverence to him who appreciates not power and position but the simple, unselfish heart. In the great struggle in South Africa, years ago, the majority of the 2,500 who followed him to jail were not men of the upper rank or what you call the 'cultured' class ; they were men of unselfish impulses ; they responded to his call, and became heroes of the Indian struggle in South Africa.

Have you paused sometimes to ask why to him come tributes from many lands? Men like Tolstoy and Ravindranath Tagore and Prof. Gilbert Murray—not politicians but thinkers and artists—saluted him as a man of a mighty soul-power. Gandhi is a man of *atma-shakti*. Therefore does he insist on *following the Truth*; rightly is he called the Apostle of Satyagrah. ‘Satyagrah,’—the word seems to scare away the official mind; and some there be who would have us believe that Satyagrah is sedition! If Satyagrah be sedition, then, must the world’s heroes from Prahlad and Socrates downwards be reckoned seditious; and if such men deserve to go to jail for following the Truth, then to jail must we think it our privilege to go. Satyagrah is not sedition; Satyagrah is Loyalty to the Truth and to the Sacred Law affirmed by the World’s great Teachers and by him who urged that we must follow truth, adding:—‘The Truth shall make you free.’ Mahatma Gandhi is a lover of Truth and, therefore, in what he writes and speaks he is careful to avoid

exaggeration and abuse; he knows that patriotism is not invective or vituperation.

A fundamental emotion of Gandhi's personality, it seems to me, is his *passion for social justice*. His struggle in South Africa—was it not for vindicating race-equality of Indians with the Whites in Africa? He put forth efforts to ameliorate the condition of Behar labour and the Kaira peasant; he stood up boldly for the Punjab sufferers under the Martial Law; he is leading to-day the movement of non-cooperation. When was Gandhi known to turn a deaf ear to the call for social justice? It has been his privilege, as perhaps of no other Indian I know of, to speak straight to Government and stand boldly for social justice. England's friends in India are they who rebuke racial inequalities and ask for justice to India and the Indian cause,—not they who counsel domination and carry pride in their conduct to the People; for Justice is the State's pillar of strength and when justice is trampled upon, the State must crumble to its fall. 'What is the strength of a State?'

asked a disciple of Confucious; 'Justice' answered the Chinese Master. 'What next?' was the question, 'Justice' said Confucious. 'What next?' asked the disciple again, and the Teacher answered again: 'Justice.' No community, no society, no nation can stand long, if it violates the Law of Justice. For seated on the Throne of the Universe is the Eternal Spirit of Justice whom kings and earthly Powers must remember with trembling. In the Fear of the Lord is the beginning of political wisdom; and India's struggle is essentially one for justice, for the fundamental rights of civilized citizenship, for race-equality, for Freedom.

Think you it is easy to tread this Path of Truth and stand out boldly to rebuke the wrongs of Governments and vindicate the rights of a people? Mahatma Gandhi has trodden this Path; he treads it still; and he has suffered, he is prepared to suffer still, for his love of Truth, his passion for social Justice. So the third great lesson I read in the scripture of his life is *tapasya*. Gandhiji has not *talked* patriotism; he has

suffered for it. He was thrice in jail in South Africa ; and he bore it all as a hero ; he received the news of Mrs. Gandhi's serious illness ; the Resident Magistrate asked him to pay fine and be free to nurse her ; 'no,' he said ; to pay fine would not be to behave as a 'Satyagrahi ' ; he would not purchase personal freedom to nurse his wife at the cost of his vow ; he would suffer for his Ideal, and leave his dear one's fate in the hands of Him who is too wise to err, too Loving to forget. In 1908, he was almost done to death by a Pathan ! But the Pathan, too, was his brother ; he would not give evidence against him ; he would conquer him by soul-force ! Think, again, of his simple life ; unlike so many of the big men he wears a simple *swadeshi* garb ; unlike them, he lives on a simple diet, avoiding meat and drink ; unlike them he travels by the third class. Gandhi is a Sannyasin of Service !

There, then, is the fourth lesson I read in the Scripture of his life, his spirituality. Several in Sind have told me : 'keep politics and religion apart.' Gandhi has not kept

them apart; it will be a calamity for India to keep them apart. They have kept them distinct in Europe with the result that there is pride in the heart of European politics, if also love of freedom; let it be our privilege to love freedom without race-pride; let it be ours to have the patriotism that will hate none, will bear malice towards none but strive for India's greatness only that India may serve the nations greatly. The path of European politics is covered with strife and carnage; but Gandhi makes *ahimsa* a part of his political creed; he believes in soul-force; he believes that material power cannot long resist the power of non-resistance; Gandhi stands for Religion in Politics; and I can leave with you no nobler thought than this—*spiritualise your politics*. Politics rightly constructed are a pursuit of the *social good*; and efforts to realise the social good must have their inspiration in those Spiritual Values which are—say what sceptics will—at the heart of things. Men who have not the spiritual impulse, the altruistic emotion cannot help India, can-

* not undertake the task of reconstruction. The greatest problem of public life in India is the problem of leadership.' I ask you, then, to choose well your leaders. When a man stands before you to claim leadership, do not be carried away by the patriotic *words* he may speak on the platform; but ask:—How is he in his *private* life? Is he a man of *character*? Does he stand on the side of the *soul*? If not, if he seeks self, if he hunts after honours and applause, know him to be a humbug; and the 'Mother will not accept him. For they who would worship the Mother in this New Temple of Service,—they must come with clean hands and aspiring hearts. They may not be rich in the world's resources; they may not be big in the world's estimate; they may be clothed with poverty and covered with dust; but then will the Mother enrich with Her blessings, and they will break India's bonds and uphold the honour of the Nation.

SPIRIT OF FREEDOM

India's freedom cannot be wrought miraculously. India's freedom, as I conceive of it, will come as a *natural fruit* of national Awakening. The swaraj-ideal must transform our *minds* and *lives* before it can be realised *politically*. Why do we want India to be a free Nation? Because we would see India serve Humanity. She has a message for the Nations. She has a world-vision. She cannot enrich Civilization as long as she is in bondage. The *swaraj-ideal*, therefore, must not be sundered from the Ideal International. Freedom is not for domination but the service of Humanity.

Nation-cults in the West have been inspired by one or more of the three motives,—the motive of *power*, the motive of *honor*, the motive of *gain*. Out of these motives have come the wars of Europe. There

is a higher motive,—a *creative* motive,—the motive of serving the God-in-Man. Was not this the fundamental motive of India in the day she was great? Once she was the leader of Civilization; but she had no imperialist ambitions; she had no desire to ‘exploit,’ weaker nations for her ‘greatness.’ India’s inspiration was no narrow ‘nationalism,’ but *vishwadarshana*; and in her ethical code there was place even for bird and beast. There came a day when India fell. Why? We lost our vision of the God-in-Man. The millions of the ‘untouchables’ are a living witness to our sin. Are we pouring this vision upon the politics of to-day? Are we growing in that *synthetic patriotism* which hates no nation but strengthens the forces of unity and love in the very protest against the injustice and wrong which Imperialism has inflicted upon India and the East?

Above the Nations and ‘Empires’ is Humanity. It is our privilege to greet a great interpreter of this Ideal. India’s poet—patriot,—Dr. Tagore,—has sounded the note of the Ideal International. He

calls himself an Asian internationalist; he does not believe in *exclusive* nationalism; he believes in Humanity. The Indian Movement, as it seems to me, has a great future,—but on one condition, that it be loyal to the vision of Humanity. If it degenerates into a movement of hate or passion or national egoism, it will help neither India nor the world. Our quarrel with government is *in the name of Humanity*. We refuse to co-operate with the present system because it is radically wrong, because it inflicts harm upon the material potentialities of the people, because it cripples their moral and spiritual life. I have no quarrel with Western humanity or Western literature or Western science. We will only harm ourselves by disowning the God of the West. “When I returned to India,” said Dr. Tagore in a recent lecture at Calcutta, “the first letter I received rebuked me for inviting the West to the institution at Shantiniketan and for thinking of collaborating with Western scholars.” This is an attitude which can do us no good. Only

the weak are afraid of truth. The strong accept truths 'from all quarters, knowing that Knowledge is international. In the day of her greatness, India was not ashamed to learn astronomy at the feet of the Greeks. And if India is to achieve her freedom in the coming days, she must not be ashamed to sit at the feet of the West to learn science and modern knowledge.

It was a great truth India's sages realised in the long ago; they named it *karma*. The law of *karma* is a law not alone of individual but also of national life. The West has achieved greatness not without *karma*; accidents do not make the nations great. The West is great in science. And by science I mean a *method* of studying nature, a *faith* in the guidance of the *intellect*, a *criticism* of experience, a loyalty to *truth and freedom*. Japan stepped out of her seclusion and stood upon the world stage by doing two things; she made *patriotism* her *religion*; and she *accepted* the science of the West.

But *science* is not the all of life; there is

the *spiritual ideal*. Both are needed. Science, indeed, without the spiritual ideal becomes a dangerous weapon of destruction. What binds and builds is the spiritual ideal. In the heart of the dominating Civilization of the West, there is the impulse of 'separateness,'—the instinct of combat, the intoxication of imperialism, the aggressive mood of exploitation. What is the result? Dean Inge wrote the other day:—"Civilization is in danger of becoming a systematic and sustained outrage against Nature." Against the Spirit of freedom, also. The West has developed on one side. Its great intellect and energy and organisation have developed a *machine-civilization* with its concomitants of covetousness and imperialism. The West needs a *spiritual synthesis* to *humanise* science, to organise the materials of modern knowledge for the re-moulding of its life,—social, national, international. Once the East offered the West a spiritual synthesis; the message of Christ was a gift of the East to the West. The West accept it in humility. The West has lost it, in the pursuit of

diplomacy and greed. The West must turn to the East if she would find it again. And in being loyal to the Spiritual, which is the true International Ideal—in being loyal to the world-vision of her poets and prophets, India will help the Spirit of Freedom. Passion and hate and violence may ‘work’ for some time. They will not build a *swaraj* which endures.

WHY 'WITHIN THE EMPIRE?'

There was a time I believed in the value of British connection. I dream to-day of Indian Independence. I have friends among Europeans; I recall with gratitude their kindness to me during my stay in Europe, years ago. I have reverence for Europe's poets and patriots and prophets of freedom. I believe in the Brotherhood of East and West. I pray that the day may come when there may be a federation of Free Nations. But such a federation is *not* compatible with imperialism; such a federation demands an independent India.

You speak of the value of British connection. I appreciate no 'values' which is purchased at the price of national dignity. The press has reported numerous instances of the arrogant attitude of the British official. He seldom forgets that

he belongs to a 'superior race.' Dyer opened fire upon the people "for fear of looking like a fool!" And it was not his business, he said, "to look to the medical arrangement for the wounded!" "The crowd was running away," said Major Carberry, "and I fired to *disperse* them!" The Amritsar affair unmasked the real mentality of race-imperialism. What "value" can British connection have for a country whose Government is infected with this 'religion' of 'race-superiority?' Sir Andrew Fraser wrote of a very senior officer at Lahore who "was dilating on the change of attitude towards Europeans which was coming over the people of the town!" The Lahore official complained that "they knew him, they hardly saluted him!" Upon this Sir Andrew Fraser said to him:—"If I were an Indian, I should not salute you because I have observed that you do not return salutation." But the official said:—"The people do not expect an officer to do so!" Yes; there are many officials who are angry with the 'agitator' because he is busy asking the

'masses' to awake and make India a land of heroes ; not a "land of salams !" It was not an Indian but an Englishman Dicey who wrote in an English magazine the candid words:—" There is no Englishman, I think, who is able to throw off the innate idea that the foreigners compared with him belong to an inferior degree of creation."

You speak of the "reforms." "Reforms" after almost a century and a half of British rule in India ! And the Administration of the country continues to be bureaucratic ; it is not representative ; it is not popular. What value can a connexion have for us when its basis is force not co-operation with national life ?

Consider for a moment what the Empire has meant for India. Exploitation, military burdens, traffic in intoxicating drugs, degrading treatment of Indians abroad, the Punjab tragedy, the Khilafat wrong, the racial bar ! A white Empire exploiting the East and dominating Oriental people can have no value for the life of Humanity. It was an Englishman who said:—" Our

self-government has been given to people of white races and, so far as I know, never to the natives." Even liberal papers like the *Nation* and the *Manchester Guardian* went into ecstasies over the little concessions known as the Montagu Reforms. Did it occur to these papers to ask if they would be satisfied with a Montagu-Scheme for England? Is not independence the right of every Nation? Belgium much smaller in area than Sind and in population only twice as big is a free country; but hoary-headed India claiming one-fifth the human race is in bondage! The Jugoslavs number about 14 millions altogether and of this number about a million and a half live in America and British Colonies and some forty thousand in Italy; the Jugoslavs are admitted to the ranks of the Free; but the 320 millions of India still bear the badge of inferiority! The situation, indeed, is serious enough; our hope is in striking together, in solidarity; and as long as we stand shoulder to shoulder no power can break the Temple which enshrines the National Ideal.

Independence,—is to my mind, the only ideal consistent with national dignity. *Swaraj means* Independence. And we must achieve it *without* war or violence. Can we do it? yes,—in the day we are adequately self-organised and strongly united. England's interests in India are mainly economic; we can break the interest by *swadeshi*. England's hope of a continued hold upon us lies in our disorganisation; we can break that hope by maintaining a strong Hindu-Muslim unity. England's influence upon us is the subtle one exerted through a system of education which separates us from our past, from the masses and the Indian ideal. We can combat that influence by nationalising education. We are in the present situation by our own conscious or unconscious co-operation with Government. We can withdraw that co-operation and build up our own educational, socio-economic and other organisations. Over a generation ago when the indigo ryots of Jessore realised how unjustly they were treated by European planters, they said:—"Sahebs!

these hands will not sow indigo again." And it is high time the Indian said:—"Hands off. We cannot co-operate with a government which refuses to co-operate with the spirit of humanity!"

You say Government will put down this spirit by a policy of repression. Will it succeed? The policy of repression was tried in years 1906-10. It failed. It called up 50 thousand young men in Bengal who pledged themselves to the task of creating a Revolution. The unrest of to-day is wider; the whole of India, not Bengal alone, is in the new national struggle. Repression cannot demoralise us,—if we have faith in the *value of suffering*. Repression is reliance on force; repression is declaration of moral bankruptcy; it cannot prevail against the moral ideal. Austria tried it in Italy and produced Mazzini, Cavour and Garibaldi. The Czars tried it in Russia; the result was the Revolution. England has tried it in Ireland; the result is Sinn Feinism. The Bureaucracy has tried it in India; the result is a movement of Non-Co-operation

gathering strength every day. "We foolish people", says Emerson in his essay on 'Politics' "still rely on force, not yet learning that force can only bring us force as hate brings hate". Will it be our privilege to meet repression *not* with force or hate but with patient suffering and self-control remembering the Master's words:—"Blessed are the meek"? Shall we meet repression in a spirit of deep humility and with faith in the Spirit of History? The Soul of the Nation will not, I believe, give up its struggle for freedom. It has lived through the coercion of 1906-10. It has lived through the terrors of martial law. It should live through the new campaign of repression,—*if* only we be true to the Indian Ideal of *ahimsa*. The policy of repression may give Government a temporary advantage; it cannot kill the Movement. The Spirit of History is wiser, is mightier than the clamour of arms or diplomacy.

You complain of the conduct of some non-co-operators. I must condemn it,—if what you report be true. We must not

shout shame upon those who are not with us or against us. Swaraj is not possible until the fundamental rights of minority are protected. One of these is the right of free speech. It should be the duty of non-co-operators in India to be tolerant,—and may I not add? generous in their attitude and conduct to those, who, for one reason or another, co-operate with the Administration. We must not forget the services our friends, ranged on the other side to-day, rendered to public life in our earlier struggle with the reactionary forces. Some of them, indeed, are still eager to help the national cause, according to *their* lights. And are they not a part of the Nation's Life? The solution of India's problem must come from within,—from the Life of the People; and the one wise, straightforward thing to do is to give freedom of speech even to those who oppose us to-day,—hoping, believing that only through freedom can we help the Life of the Nation. Only let me ask you in all humility to judge of the Movement *not* by the misconduct of a few but by its

ideals, its tendencies, its dominating spirit.

But will it succeed? You ask. There is such a thing as the *success of failure*. It may be non-co-operation will not secure *immediate swaraj*; but if we are faithful to it in spirit, it will *purify* and *strengthen* national life. For non-co-operation means co-operation of the people in a struggle for justice and freedom. Looked at *positively* the movement of non-co-operation is really a *movement of self-reliance*. Such a movement when opposed by an irresponsible and 'efficient' bureaucracy means suffering for many. But when did a nation achieve its salvation without *self-reliance and suffering*?

The question I have been asking myself is that of the opening verse in the Gita:—
 "What have *you* done on the *dharmakshetra* the Field of Life?" Every one of us has his or her part on the Battlefield; to live is to do the battles of the Divine Captain. Brother! let us fight against evil but with no hate in our hearts; fight as soldiers of truth, as servants of the All-

Love. Passion and pride never helped society; and the Goddess of Freedom will come not with shouts of hate and strife but with the worship of sacrifice. Life's wisdom is not *calculation* but *faith*, not in gains of silver and gold but in loss, in renunciation, in crucifixion.

Three stages there be in human evolution; I may speak of them as the jungle, the market and the Nation. The law of the jungle is *separateness*; the law of the market is *association*, but this association is often for *utilitarian* purposes, for making money! Dharma appears, proclaiming a higher law. It is the *Law of Sacrifice*; and there can be no Nation without loyalty to the law of sacrifice. True freedom is not in the will-to-power but the *will-to-suffer*, the *will-to-scrifice*.

IS A REVOLUTION ARRIVING ?

War and violence are not in my creed of life. If 33 crores of India combine they can easily kill or drive out bag and baggage, a lakh of Englishmen. But India will not solve her problem by killing or driving out the English. India has a place in her heart for Muslims and Parsis. India should be helped by the qualities of the Englishman if he will be here as a friend, not an aggressor or exploiter. In my creed of life, the life even of an enemy is sacred ; it is a man's *karma* that causes his death ; and I have no right to play the part of *karma* towards others. Lenin,—a man for whom I have very great respect,—believes in the doctrine of least violence : I believe that the Buddha's doctrine of non-violence is nobler and is the only one adequate to a solution of India's problem and the problems of the West. Bloodshed, said Krop-

kin, must be reduced to a minimum. Bloodshed, I believe, will harm India. Bloodshed is sure to lead to disorder; and more Indians than Englishmen will suffer. Apart therefore, from my ethical convictions, I regard counsels of violence as *thoughtless*.

I admit that thoughts of violence have been suggested to many by the violence practised by the States. Capital punishment, repressions, political prosecutions, punishment for patriotic opinions,—are, I believe, forms of violence. State organisations have not scrupled to kill men for patriotism; and it is no wonder, blood-stained revolutions have been regarded as moral methods to work out the destinies of nations. Some even think that blood-revolution is man's natural right! An idealist like Mazzini—one of the world's noblest patriots, — recommended secret murder as a legitimate political method! A number of young men who were in the earlier 'nationalist movement of 1906-10 believed in this theory of assassination. Several in the movement of to-day believe,

with the best of motives, that the end justifies the means! My theory is:—kill the *system not the man*. Swaraj is not possible until there is a *new system*.

Many specially among the masses, lived in the hope that Swaraj would come by October. The day is come and gone; and I have heard people ask;—Where is Swaraj? The error was in that hope that Swaraj would ‘*come!*’ Swaraj must be *achieved*, and we must achieve it by working along the lines of *Ishwara’s* will.

How far have we worked in accord with, the Ideal? India is a land of villages, and in many villages they have not yet heard of the national gospel. The Swadeshi programme has to be fulfilled by the end of September; it is the villages which take large quantities of foreign cloth; and many of the villages are still buying it. Students in a number of places left the Government controlled Schools and Colleges; they did so in response to the appeal of political leaders; but what have we done to provide for them national schools and national colleges? It is true a crore of rupees has

been collected for the national fund. But is a Crore, collected in a country of 33 Crores inhabitants, a big amount after all? Ireland is a little nation, but at a recent meeting of the Irish *Dail*, it was stated that the Sinn Fein had upto June 30, received over £ 1,100,000, that over 5,500,000 dollars had been received from America alone, and that there was a balance of £ 66,000. I believe profoundly in the national movement. But I think it only fair to recognise our 'mistakes' and 'failures.'

The national movement is as old as at least the national Congress. It was a mistake, I think, for the Congress to start on its national mission with petition and representations to the Sircar. The Congress should have known that representations are not responded to unless there be *power* behind them; and the Country lacked the power to enforce its will. The Congress resolutions were little better than a beggar's request for *bakhshish* from a foreign master. Years passed by. A young man, an unpopular Under-Secretary, came as the Viceroy of India. He came with

strange notions of his power ; he believed in efficiency and empire and he worked hard. This man of industry and pride,—to make the British rule in India ‘ efficient ! ’ This imperialist’s efficiency was directed against the national movement ; empire-cults inevitably come in conflict with the life of man ; Lord Curzon’s imperialism and efficiency came in conflict with the life of India. This conflict was an opportunity given to the national movement to draw out its strength and stand triumphant. But mistakes were made ; strength was confounded with violence ; a cult of the bomb appeared ; it was easy for an efficient Government to oppose to our violence its greater violence ; the law of *karma* is not partial ; our character failed to respond to the needs of the situation,—failed to show the solidarity, the will-power the reverence for the moral Ideal which alone could resist successfully the challenge of a Government well-organised and efficient in the use of physical force. Lord Morley gave India some reforms which broke, in some measure, the force ‘ extremism.’ Many of

us did not realise that doling out reforms did not mean "Swaraj." Mr. Montagu has given the country more reforms; but the spirit of his scheme is not different from that of Morley. It is England which is to be the judge of our fitness for self-government! And not one word is said as to *when* England would regard India as 'fit'! In a recent debate on Swaraj in the Legislative Assembly, the utmost that Government promised was to recommend to the Secretary of State that there be a re-examination and revision of the present constitution at an earlier date than 1929! The recommendation to the Secretary must be considered by Parliament; and the present Parliament is not likely to consider a revision of the constitution. Even if it does, the essential principle is not conceded,—the principle of self-determination. It is the people of India who must determine by what stages they are to evolve *Swaraj*. Far from accepting this recognised principle of democratic rule, England does not even fix a time-limit for *Swaraj*, "we promise

you Home Rule," they say. But when we ask "When"? there is no answer!

The mistake which not a few of us commit even to-day, is that we still think Swaraj will 'arrive' as a 'gift', and we hasten to fix dates! It is, as I have often urged, a mistake to think that violence is the way to *Swaraj*; even if you transform towns and villages into revolutionary volcanoes, you will only have destroyed the present order,—you will not have built up a Hind Swaraj; to convert India into an imitation-Europe is not to solve the Indian problem. It is, I believe, a mistake to think that *Swaraj* is 'arriving'! By the Law which makes man a co-creator with God, life's noblest things do not '*arrive*' they are *achieved*. I can understand that a sanguinary revolution 'arrives'; but, as I have said more than once, such a revolution will not solve India's problem. The revolution which I think India needs is, not one of extensive rioting and bloodshedding. India wants a Creative Revolution. My attitude, thus, is not that of the 'Moderate' nor that of the Anarchist. The

Anarchist would by methods of violence indulge the country into a disorder from which India may not emerge till after a long painful process. The 'Moderate' would still trust the 'Reforms'! The French Moderates failed in the period of the Revolution. The Kerensky moderates have failed in Russia. Indian Moderates must expect no better fate. The present political system is connected with our character as reflected in education, our customs, our socio-economic order. Once the Nation builds its true self,—it will throw up men after men in different parts to sustain the struggle to victory. Swaraj-building is self-building. This will be done through education, through unity, through a new feeling for the poor, through the will-to-suffer. Have we organised national Schools and Colleges throughout the Country? Does the Hindu-Muslim unity rest on an *opportunist* or a *moral* basis? Is our feeling for the poor strong enough to make us Swadeshi and inspire us not simply to 'touch' but in deep humility to *serve*, to worship the so-called "untouch-

ables". Have we the will-to-suffer so strong as to harm no Englishman but bear our country's Cross day by day with faith in India's Freedom? If not, we may not hope for a quick break-down of the present political system. A Creative Revolution, as I have said, is India's need. It has its difficulties; but if we fail, the fault will be ours. Violence is bound to fail. Reforms have failed us already. And I see no other way.

In moments of silence and communion with the Ideal I have touched the Mother's feet with tears for India's heart-ache. But, again and again, tears have given way to a light of faith in my eyes. And at this hour of India's great agony, I yet have faith that she will rise from the many shatterings of her hopes. That faith whispers courage in moments when I see the mistakes and 'failures' of the Movement. It may not be my privilege to see my Dream of Indian Independence come true. But I pray that the faith in me may never be dimmed; I pray that my countrymen may help the Dream to come

true, so that, once again our villages and our homes may see the beauty of an India happy and strong in the Freedom that heals.

